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*Dialogues concerning innate Principles : containing an Examination of Mr. Locke's Doctrine on that Subject. By the Author of Three Dialogues concerning Liberty.** 8vo. 2s. Doddsley.

It is somewhere observed, by Dr. Priestley, that every discovery in natural philosophy, made by Copernicus, Galileo, or Newton, was disputed inch by inch; "and can we be surpris'd," says he, "that the labours of Mr. Locke should share the same fate?"—We are, indeed, by no means surpris'd at it; although it be a matter of some wonder, that a writer, of such acknowledged good sense and abilities as the present, should take up the pen with such a design, so long after the general acquiescence of the philosophical world in the propriety of them; for, as to the futile attempts of the Scotch doctors,† so fully exploded by Dr. Priestley, they were the most unphilosophical imaginable. That of the author of the Dialogues before us, is in this respect not quite so exceptionable; although we think it in a great measure a superfluous endeavour at a *verbal*, rather than an *actual*, correction of that great philosopher's doctrine respecting *innate ideas*.

"When I take," says this writer, "a general view of the arguments, adduced by Mr. Locke, against innate moral principles; and when I see what he produces, as the most indisputable innate principles, 'if any be so;' I am inclined to think there must have been some very great mistake, as to the true nature of the things in question; for he lays down certain *propositions* (no matter whether *moral* or *scientific*, so they be but true) and then proves, that such propositions, considered merely as *propositions*, formed by

* Of which an account is given in the third volume of the London Review. The present Dialogues are also in number three, and are written in the same style and manner.

† The Doctors Reid, Beattie, and Oswald.

our rational faculty, after due consideration of things, as all true propositions must be, *are not innate*. Nothing more obvious! But surely those whom he opposes, must, or ought to have meant (though I cannot say I have read their arguments, nor do I mean to answer for any one but myself) not that the *propositions themselves* were innate, but that the *conscious internal sentiments*, on which such moral propositions are founded, were innate.——”

“I cannot conceive,” continues he, “that what we ought to understand by *innate moral principles*, can by any means, when fairly explained, be imagined to bear any similitude to such propositions as Mr. Locke advances, as bidding fairest to be innate, nor to any other propositions. That is, I cannot conceive, that our innate moral principles; our natural sentiments, or internal conscious feelings (name them how you please) which we derive, and which result, from our very nature as creatures morally relative, are at all like unto any propositions whatever.

“Who can discover any similitude to any conscious sentiment of the soul, in these strangely irrelative propositions: *Whatever is, is—It is impossible for the same thing to be, and not to be?*—Nobody!

“The innate principles of the soul cannot, any more than those of the body, be propositions. They must be in us, antecedently to all our reasonings about them, or they could never be in us at all: for we cannot, by reasoning, create any thing, the principles of which did not exist antecedently. We can, indeed, describe our innate sentiments and perceptions to each other; we can reason, and we can make propositions about them; but our reasonings neither are, nor can create in us, *moral principles*. They exist prior to, and independently of, all reasoning, and all propositions about them.

“When we are told that *benevolence is pleasing*; that *malevolence is painful*; we are not convinced of these truths by reasoning, nor by forming them into propositions; but by an appeal to the innate internal affections of our souls: and if, on such an appeal, we could not feel within the sentiment of benevolence, and the peculiar pleasure attending it; and that of malevolence and its concomitant pain; nor all the reasoning in the world could ever make us sensible of them, or enable us to understand their nature.”

Most true; if we had no *sense* of the *pleasure* attending *benevolence*, or of the *pain* attending *malevolence*, we could not be made sensible of them by reasoning; and, for this plain cause, we could not *reason* at all about them; for we should not understand the meaning of the words. It is the same in this case, as in arithmetic and geometry; had we no senses, by which we might comprehend the meaning of lines and figures, we could never be made to understand arithmetical and geometrical demonstrations.

“I must observe,” says our author, “that the assent or dissent that we give to propositions in these sciences, which are but little interesting to our nature, is drawn from a source widely different from that which we give to *moral* propositions. Thus, when we are told

told, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, and see the demonstration, we say simply, *true*: that they are equal to three right angles, *false*. These things being irrelative to morals, they move no conscious sentiment, and do therefore only receive our bare assent or dissent as a mere object of sense; in the same manner as when we say a thing is, or is not, black or white, or round or square; we use our eyes, and are satisfied. But the truth or falsehood of moral propositions must be judged of by another measure, through a more interesting medium; we must apply to our *internal sense*, our divine monitor and guide within; through which the just and unjust, the right and wrong, the moral beauty and deformity, of human minds and of human actions, can only be perceived."

This writer is not the first who hath betaken himself to the expedient of an innate moral sense, to get easily rid of the difficulty attending the first principles of morals; it is, in our opinion, however, but a bungling expedient, and similar to the adoption of occult qualities in physics, or the nonsensical new common-sense of the Scottish metaphysicians.—We do most readily agree, that we do not perceive the beauty of virtue or deformity of vice, merely by the same organs with which we perceive an object to be black or white, round or square. But are we not possessed of sufficient *internal affections*, as our author terms them, in our known and acknowledged faculties and propensities, to perceive both the one and the other, without having recourse to a new one, calculated peculiarly for that end?—If this writer supposes, that even the simple objects of our external senses, that are black or white, round or square, are perceived to be such merely by the organs of sense, without reason or reflection, he is egregiously mistaken. Our external organs require the assistance of *reason*, to perceive the simplest thing in nature; even as the most simple of our sensations is a very complicated phenomenon, dependent on the joint operation both of the organs of perception and reflection. And is it to be supposed, that the relations between the objects of the *moral world*, are to be perceived by a simpler process than are those of the *natural*?—Our author makes a just distinction between the *principles of science* and the *principles of things*: but we conceive he applies it wrongly, in his censure of Mr. Locke.

"The propositions," says he, "we compose according to our ideas of things, are *nothing but propositions*: they are not really the *principles* of the things treated of: the principles of the things treated of are naturally inherent, and exist perpetually in them, whether our ideas or propositions concerning them be true or false.

"But in the part quoted, there is a fallacy. He [Mr. Locke] says, * if the *ideas* be not innate, there was a time when the mind was with-

out those *principles*.' The conclusion, you see, is vague and delusive. The only just conclusion he could have drawn was, that if the *ideas* be not innate, there was a time, when the mind was without *those ideas out of which the propositions are formed*, which I call *principles*.

"Mr. Locke," continues he, "thus confounds the *principles of our nature*, and the *ideas* contained in the principles he names, together, as if they were the same things: but they cannot be so; because the one receives existence from the prior existence of the other. That is, our moral ideas receive *their existence* from the *prior existence* of our innate moral sentiments or principles; as our ideas of light and figure, are derived from the *prior existence* of sight."

Our author would have done well here, to have shewn how *moral sentiments* differ so widely, as he pretends, from *moral ideas*. Is *moral sentiment* an organ of sense, as the eye is an organ of sight? And, if it be, can it form an idea of moral virtue and vice, without the assistance of the organs of reflection and reason?—If it can, it does more than the sense of sight can do, which can form none of light and figure, without such assistance. We perfectly agree with this writer, in the observation that immediately follows. "In this question, the matter, as too frequently happens, has been puzzled and obscured by the misuse of words." But to proceed.

"Axioms," says he, "and allowed propositions, are called *principles*: but they are only *principles*, formed by the human mind, in aid of its own weakness; which, in reasoning, can proceed but a little way, without proved or granted propositions to rest on. They might, perhaps, with much more propriety, be called helps, assistances, or supports, to the imbecility of the human mind, than principles of things. The principles, which naturally inhere in every species of created beings, are of a nature totally different.

"It seems, then, said I, that you agree with Mr. Locke, that neither *ideas* or *propositions* can be innate; but you differ from him, by denying any *propositions* whatsoever, to be properly the *principles* of any species of beings; and by affirming, that both *speculative* and *practical* propositions are mere creatures of human invention: which, whether they be true or false; that is, founded in the nature of things or not, the true natures and principles of things remain unalterably the same. That is my meaning, replied he; and that, therefore, most of the arguments advanced by Mr. Locke against innate principles are nothing, or but very little to the purpose; because they only tend to combat things as innate principles, which are nothing like innate principle: and, if it be not too bold a thing to say of so penetrating a genius, he seems only to have been fighting with a phantom of his own creating."

Of Mr. Locke's Essay, nevertheless, our author speaks with great respect, as follows,

"It

"It is certain, however, that nothing can be more excellent than his work, as far as it regards our manner of acquiring ideas, by *sensation* and *reflection*. But what should move him to advance, that we have no other way of acquiring ideas;* why he should exclude our *moral sense*, and deny even its existence, with the pains of so much acute false reasoning, I shall not at present endeavour to explain. But having so determined, he found it necessary to remove all notions of innate *moral* principles (and, with them, all other innate principles) out of the way, in the beginning of his book: for had they been granted, *another source* of ideas must have been admitted, beside those of *sensation* and *reflection*, as explained by Mr. Locke."

In the second dialogue, our author proceeds more particularly to discriminate between the *principles* of *science* and those of *things*; under the latter of which he ranks innate moral principles.

"There is another kind of principles, which is entirely of human creation, and which can only with propriety be called *principles*, as they are the *beginnings* of human reasoning. These usually pass under the denominations of *data*, axioms, maxims, rules, &c. They are invented and formed by the human mind, in aid of its own imbecility. They are foundations, which it finds itself obliged to lay, before it can proceed in the reasoning art, to the building of any considerable structure. They may be solid or sandy, true or false. In proportion to *their truth* or *falsehood*, will be the *stability* or *instability* of the structure we raise upon them. In short, they are merely inventions of the human mind, to facilitate its own progress in the search of less evident, and more important, truths; or to enable us to prove to others (granting them to be true) that some other propositions must be true, which had been denied, or of which there seemed to be some doubt. But it is important to the matter we at present have in view, to remember, that this sort of principles, can only be called *principles*, relatively to the human mind, in the exercise of its reasoning faculty; and that the true and genuine principles of things, which are formed and constituted in their natures, neither are, nor are at all like unto, those *data*, axioms, rules, or maxims, of human invention; but exist quite independently of, and prior to any such things.—Well, said I, but what do you infer from all this?—Why, do not you see, answered he, that all the *principles*, which Mr. Locke advances and refutes, as innate (if any, says he, can be so) are of this latter kind?—I do, returned I; but what then?—Why, then, said he, Mr. Locke, with the greatest respect be it spoken, has very much mis-spent his time and pains; having only proved, that certain *data*, or maxims, are not *innate principles* of the human nature; which I hope you now per-

* Has Mr. Locke done so?—Dr. Priestley upbraids him for being too hasty in concluding that there is *some other source* of our ideas, besides the external senses. See Dr. P.'s Examination of the Doctors Reid, Beattie, and Oswald, Page 5.

ceive (though true) was nothing to the purpose; the innate principles of our nature, and such *data* or maxims, being quite different things.—They seem so, indeed, replied I; and I perceive, by your explication, that *data* or axioms are of human invention; but that the principles which constitute the natures of things, are of divine origin. But permit me to trouble you a little farther. If certain moral maxims be found to be indisputably just, and agreeable to the true interests and happiness of mankind (though of human invention merely) may they not serve us, in the regulation of our conduct, as effectually as any innate principles whatever? Or, in other words, is not our reason given us, to supply, in some degree, the place of innate moral principles?

“ This, returned he, is what Mr. Locke would have us to understand; but, most certainly, it cannot be so: for, as we have shewn before, we are not able, by reasoning, to create principles in things. The principles of all things exist in them, before we begin to reason about them; or they never could be made to exist at all, by any human power.

“ Our reason must always have some foundation to build upon; that foundation must exist, before we begin to reason, or we could not reason at all. We can neither perceive or understand any thing, as a subject of reasoning, whose principles do not exist prior to our reasoning. Thus, *moral maxims*, when true, must be founded on *some principles* in the human nature, which are originally inherent in man; and our reasoning, in the formation of *such maxims*, must be regulated by those *originally-inherent principles*. Had we not such principles innate, or born with us, our reason could have no ground to go upon concerning morals; for reasoning could never make a man, *devoid of innate moral principles*, perceive the justice or truth of any moral maxim. Indeed, without such principles, he could never know any thing at all of moral maxims; for when any moral maxim is proposed to us, we can neither understand it, or examine into its truth or falsehood, without referring to our internal touchstone, our innate moral sentiments; they alone enable us to understand it; and by them only we can judge of its truth or falsehood: for its truth or falsehood to us, depends entirely upon its agreement or disagreement with them.”

How is all this? Are the *innate moral principles*, contended for by our author, to be considered among the *true and genuine principles of things*, which are formed and constituted in their natures, and neither are, nor ARE AT ALL LIKE UNTO the *data*, *axioms*, *rules* or *maxims of human invention*? And does the *truth or falsehood of such maxims* depend, nevertheless, entirely upon their agreement or disagreement with such *innate moral sentiments*? This appears to us as inconsistent as the pretended total difference between an *innate moral sentiment*, and a *rational moral maxim*. Must they not both, of necessity, be *propositions*, if *truth or falsehood* may be predicated of them? What can be either *false* or *true*, that is not a *proposition*?—For our
part,

part, we confess, we are not philosophers enough to know. This writer, indeed, affirms, that “we have innate moral principles, which do not consist of *propositions*, or *maxims*; but of *internal sentiments*, or *conscious feelings*, prior to all *maxims*; without which morals could have no foundation in nature.” If by this affirmation were meant, that moral precepts are *first conceived in the imagination*, and their truth and propriety perceived by reflection, before they are uttered or written down in the form of propositions and maxims, we should have no objection to the priority contended for; but the remark would be at once futile and frivolous. *Morality* is a *practical*, and not merely a *speculative science*; in *arithmetic* and *geometry*, our axioms, maxims, and propositions, are composed of terms, expressive of *abstract ideas*: in *morality*, they are composed of words, expressive of our *sentiments* and *feelings*. Metaphysical truths are comprehended and understood; physical and moral truths are perceived and felt. We cannot help thinking, therefore, that our author hath failed, in his endeavours to establish the existence of a sense peculiar to objects of morality; as if they could not be perceived and distinguished by the senses and faculties, external and internal, commonly imputed to mankind. The moral world is by no means so detached from, and so dissimilar to, the *physical*, to require such different organs of sense to enable us to perceive or investigate the cause of its phenomena. On the supposition, notwithstanding, that he has effectually refuted Mr. Locke’s doctrine, our author proceeds, in the third dialogue, to take for granted the existence of his moral sense; which he proceeds to call *conscience*, and presumes to be the sole and only true criterion of right and wrong, and to be the same in kind, though not in degree, in all men. And, indeed, so far as the individuals of the human race resemble each other in the organs of sense and understanding, and are undiversified by experience, prejudice, and habit, there is no doubt of their *consciences* being similar. All men born and bred under the like circumstances, must necessarily think alike in all situations, and on all occasions. But what *new sense* is required for this? We know of none: this new-fangled *conscience* of our author’s appearing as superfluous an innovation in the science of *morality*, as the *common-sense* of the Scotch doctors does in that of *metaphysics*.—The objections this writer makes to Mr. Locke’s supposition, that there are some people entirely destitute of conscience, or moral sentiment, are more pertinent.

“ If,

"If," says he, "there were really whole nations, as Mr. Locke contends* (confiding in the wonderful stories of marvellous travellers) that coolly, deliberately, and *without any remorse at all*, could destroy their own children; and if such actions were not the effects of some gloomy and horrid superstitions, of some very pressing fears of shame or want, or of some corrupt affections, or violent and unruly passions; it would certainly be a very extraordinary phenomenon; and so very contrary to the nature and conduct of every other species of creatures in the world, that we know of; that it would be a very odious and disgraceful peculiarity in that species of animals, which has been generally esteemed the noblest upon earth.

"I must own, my nature shudders, when I read what Mr. Locke seems to describe with so much coldness and indifference. He desires us to 'view an army at the sacking of a town, and see what observation, or sense of moral principles, or what touch of conscience (they feel) for all the outrages they do. Robberies, murders, rapes, are the sports of men set at liberty from *censure*.' All the other cruelties which he continues to describe in the same page, he very unnaturally presumes to be done *without scruple, without any remorse at all*. Could any thing be more cruelly unjust to others, than to presume thus much? Could any thing be more unphilosophical? Unjust to others, because his own heart, I will believe, for his honour, could never exhibit to himself a capability of perpetrating the crimes he mentions, *without scruple, or without any remorse at all*. Unphilosophical, because, lightly deeming them the sports of men set at liberty from *censure*, he does not endeavour to investigate their causes, and shew them to be the effects of what they really are effects; in war, of furious passions, heated imaginations, and turbulent appetites; in the other cases, of gloomy and debasing superstitions, of strong fears of shame or want, or of some other perverted affection, or urgent and forcible passion. But why he should presume, that after such actions men *feel no remorse at all*, I know not: it is undoubtedly a mere presumption, without any rational evidence; for I am certain Mr. Locke could have no evidence of any such thing in himself.

"It is true, indeed, that while men continue under the influence of strong affections, violent passions, or enthusiastic illusions, they are but little sensible of the operations of conscience within them; but to infer from thence that they have no *conscience*, no internal *moral sense*, would certainly be a very hasty and injudicious conclusion; because we might with as much reason infer, they have no eyes, no ears, no feeling; for, under the influence of such affections, passions, and illusions, men frequently can neither see, hear, or feel."

Had this writer, instead of attacking Mr. Locke's doctrine, that the human mind is originally a *tabula rasa*, and that all our notions are deduced from sensation and reflection, contented himself with advancing, that no speculative notions
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 whatever,

* Essay, p. 4.

whatever, could give birth to moral sentiments, or excite in us a love for virtue, or a hatred to vice; he would have advanced no more than he might have maintained. The faculties of the understanding may generate a conviction of truth, or a sense of pertinence and propriety, or of their contraries; but they cannot excite an affection for the one, or a disgust for the other. This is the province of the appetites and passions, of an inherent attachment to, or love of, life, a desire of pleasure, and an aversion to pain. It is the passions, the motives to moral action, which, in conjunction with reason and reflection, constitute that *conscience*, which is the internal and universal monitor of mankind.

We conceive this writer to be equally mistaken in his censure of Mr. Locke, respecting his reference of *good* and *evil* to our sense of *pleasure* and *pain*. We shall cite the whole of what he says, on this head, as it concludes the last dialogue.

“ Mr. Locke, after explaining to us the nature of *pain* and *pleasure*,* and informing us that, ‘ these, like other simple *ideas*, cannot be described, nor their names defined; the way of knowing them being, as of the simple *ideas* of the senses, only by experience;’ concludes, in the next section, ‘ things then are good or evil only in reference to pleasure or pain.’ You mention this, no doubt, said he, as a thing about which you are not satisfied. And it is certainly, in a *moral sense*, but a very gross account of *good* and *evil*; and even in a *physical sense* it will not bear a scrutiny.

“ Though it be true, that pain or pleasure do, immediately or ultimately, result from all our actions, as moral agents; yet, to conclude generally, that things are good or evil, *only* in reference to pleasure or pain, is a very considerable error. For, in a moral view, things are really good, or really evil, according as they serve or injure, or tend to serve or injure, the true interests of humanity, independently of the pain or pleasure that may accompany them. Pleasure or pain, simply considered, do not *constitute* what is morally good or evil in our nature; they are *only concomitants* of our good or evil actions, and more often ultimately than immediately. For the pains of vice, and the pleasures of virtue, are never so sensibly felt in the pursuit, as after the accomplishment.

“ Many things are morally good, and productive of the best effects, although accompanied with much *pain* and anxiety. As, when our affections are disordered and misplaced, and our indulged passions are become turbulent and unruly, so that the oppressed voice of nature can hardly be heard in us: who is not sensible, that nature, thus overstrained and thrown out of her true and proper course, cannot be brought back again to a due temper and just balance, without much *painful* attention and perseverance? Things, therefore, are not morally good or evil, *only* in reference to pleasure or pain. And as much may be said physically, and with as good reasons: for there are many *painful* and troublesome operations

tions in physic, which are very conducive, and even quite necessary, to the *good* and health of the body.—True, said I. But do you then deny, that pain is *evil*, and that pleasure is *good*, in an abstracted sense?—In these abstruse questions, replied he, we are apt to be puzzled by the abuse of words; and the present difficulty is of that sort. That *pain* is *grievous* there can be no doubt; and if we confine the sense of the word *evil*, to signify *grievous* only, then *pain* is *evil*: but when we extend the sense of the word *evil*, and make it signify *all evil, moral and physical*, or leave it to signify, indeterminately, what every one fancies to be *evil*; then to say that *pain* is *evil*, is not true. *Pain* is that sort of *evil*, which is *grievous* to the sufferer; but *pain*, as we have shewn, both morally and physically is frequently productive of *very great good* to mankind. So *pleasure*, abstractedly, is *delightful*: which, indeed, is only saying, that pleasure is what it is. But when we say that *pleasure* is *good*, that must depend upon the signification we give to the word *good*.

If, by *good*, we mean only *pleasant*, then it is indisputable; but if by *good* we mean *morally right, just, or reasonable*; or, in a physical sense, *conducive to health*; nothing can be more clearly false.*

This cavilling, founded upon a mere play upon words, is very unworthy of our author, and is what his pretended respect for such a philosopher as Mr. Locke should have prevented. Mr. Locke is undoubtedly right, in his deduction of good and evil from pain and pleasure; the sense of which is universally proportional and reciprocal. *Pain*, our author says, is frequently productive of great good to mankind; instancing the *pain* attending the operations in physic and surgery, necessary to preserve or restore health to the individual. But might not such operations be equally salutary, if not so painful? Of what *good*, it might also be asked, is the preservation of life, or restoration to health, if life and health are not to be attended with *pleasure*?—If such pain be allowed to be productive of *good*, because it preserves life or restores health, it is precisely for that reason, and no other, with respect to the individual, that it is in its consequences productive of pleasure.* It is idle to talk of serving or injuring

* In our review of this writer's Five Dialogues on Liberty, we quoted a passage which he had done little more than transcribed from our editor's Epistles to Lorenzo. We shall here cite a passage, on the subject before us, on which he might have made the same experiment, with equal philosophical truth.

"Lorenzo, state the matter clear.
Be pain and pleasure strangers here.
Strangers to pleasure and to pain,
Induce what motives to complain?
Suppose we, then, in nature's plan,
T' exist th' automaton of man,
Rising from senseless matter's arms,
Where perfect rest nor grieves nor
 charms;

Should Heav'n a consciousness bestow,
Subject to good or ill below;
Not real pain or pleasure give,
But only wake the form to live.
"As yet from all reflection clear,
Unnerv'd by hope, unaw'd by fear,
Suppose to action thus consign'd
This naked, unaffected mind,

Lorenzo,

juring the interests of *humanity*, independently of pain or pleasure; for what is *-serving* a man, but the ultimately procuring him *pleasure*, or what is *injuring* him but giving him *pain*? To give him a degree of present pain, in order to prevent a greater in future, may, indeed, be justly called a service; but what is this, in effect, but giving him pleasure by the prevention of pain? W.

Moral and Historical Memoirs. 8vo. 6s. Dilly.

The favourable reception, which an essay on *unrestrained power*, by the same author, lately met with from the public, appears to have encouraged the present publication; which contains, with the abovementioned essay, twelve others on popular and interesting topics. The *first* relates to *foreign travel*, many hints in which are confessedly taken from

Lorenzo, with precision hence
Let us infer the consequence.
Ere yet existed moral ill,
The first sole agent was the *will* :
Reason without the pow'r to act,
To censure or advise a fact ;
As from experience nought it knew,
Of good or bad, or false or true :
For reason its conclusion draws
From similar effect and cause ;
No *instinct*, *faculty* or *sense*,
Insuring actual innocence,
That bids us virtue's steps pursue,
Or points to bliss it never knew :
Else, giving reason here had Heaven
No less than actual pleasure given :
This not suppos'd—hence reason's use
Some known effect must introduce.

" Now, as innate if we maintain
A love of *bliss* and hate of *pain*,
Directed as the *passions* fir'd,
The *will* to *pleasure* first aspir'd ;
The moral agent bound to chuse
From pleasure's most immediate views.

" But, prone to censure and complain,
Suppose our first sensation *pain* ;
Let *pain* or *pleasure* be attain'd,
Of both an equal sense was gain'd,
As the first tree of knowledge bore
Of good and evil equal store ;
For when the mind one pleasure knew,
Its neutral state of *rest* withdrew :
Pleasure and *pain*, by contrast known,
Criteria of each other grown.

Hence felt th' initiated mind
The sting which pleasure left behind,
And reason did to act commence
On th' information of the sense ;
Seeing the passions ebb and flow,
Now swoln with bliss, now sunk in woe,

Trac'd out the bounds extreme between,
Of *innocence* that golden mean.

" But ah ! the fluctuating tide
Of *passion* doth this mean deride :
Consistent only, 'tis confess'd,
With nature in a state of *rest*.

" Here then from *moral action* came
The necessary *ill*, we blame :
Running *self-love* in full career,
Reason her guide not always near,
Her satisfaction oft pursuing,
Tho' at her own and others' ruin.
Pronounce we, hence, a *moral ill*
Th' *indulgence* of the *human will*,
Whene'er from such indulgence flows
More *pain* than *pleasure* it bestows.

" In guilt original involv'd,
Here see the wond'rous myst'ry solv'd.
To the first man no more confin'd
Than *passions* found in ev'ry mind,
Is, the plain cause of moral woe,
Sin, human frailty here below.

" *Lorenzo*, evil understood,
The die's reverse is moral good :
Whate'er more *pleasure* yields than
pain *
The name of *goodness* doth obtain."

* Not, indeed, solely to the agent, but to mankind, or the moral world in general.

Bishop Hurd's dialogue on the same subject. The *second* treats of *refinement and luxury*; in which, among the common-place arguments usually advanced by declaimers on this head, the author makes some pertinent observations on the present circumstances and manners of this country.

"Our anxious concern, says he, for magnificence and elegance of every kind, in building, in furniture, in attendants, in our tables, in our gardens, by which we but foster a sickly, childish, ruinous vanity, and transform and pervert useful, benevolent corn-fields, into scenes adapted only to the barren and selfish purposes of riding and walking, may be considered as highly adverse to private and to public virtue. This taste cannot be indulged but at a great expence. It is become too general, yet few fortunes are equal to it. The means then must be sought elsewhere. Many pursue them by unjust, unrighteous and dishonourable methods. The representative part of the people are reproached with crouching for them, from the favour and liberality of the crown. Hence embarrassed circumstances, anxiety, misery; hence the solicitude for office; hence the prostitute change and inconsistency of language and conduct; hence the wilful negligence and compliance, the too great and unnatural consent and unanimity; hence the want of that jealous vigilance and spirit of opposition, so natural and necessary in every limited and free state. Indeed, it is the opinion of many excellent and observing persons, that the manners of the opulent land-proprietor, of the country gentleman (now a term of reproach) have undergone a considerable change, within these sixty or seventy years past."

They

* The candid may judge, whether our character is altered in any degree since the times of Montesquieu; whether the following features be those of the times we live in. "Il y auroit un luxe solide, fondé non pas sur le *refinement de la vanité*, mais sur celui des besoins réels, et l'on ne chercheroit guere dans les choses que les plaisirs que la nature y a mis. On y jouiroit d'un grand superflu, et cependant les choses frivoles y seroient prescrites; ainsi plusieurs ayant plus des biens que d'occasions de dépense, l'emploieroient d'un maniere bizarre; et dans cette nation il y auroit plus d'esprit que de gout. Comme on seroit toujours occupé de ces interets, on n'auroit point cette politesse qui est fondée sur l'oisiveté, et restant on n'en auroit pas le temps. L'époque de la politesse des Romains est la même que celle de l'établissement du pouvoir arbitraire. Le gouvernement absolu produit l'oisiveté, et l'oisiveté fait naître la politesse." *De l'Esprit des Loix*, lib. cxxvii. To the same purpose Rochefoucault, "Le luxe et la trop grande politesse dans les états sont le présage assuré de leur decadence, parce que tous les particuliers s'attachant à leurs interets propres, ils se détournent du bien public."

The account given by Lord Clarendon of the magnificence and unbounded expence of some of the nobility in the beginning of the civil wars, is not in opposition to this observation. These habits and manners were by no means general, but confined chiefly to the court and its followers, and had not diffused their baneful infection over the great body of the nobility and gentry. Another noble writer's representation of the manners and principles of those, and the succeeding times, till about the accession, is much truer, and more generally applicable; "We were freemen then in the proper sense, and full extent of the word; because not only the laws which asserted our common rights, were maintained and improved, but private independency, which alone can support public liberty, under
such

They alledge, formerly his time was given to the care of his estate, to the amusements of the field, to useful reading, to an open and generous hospitality, not to a confined and Epicurean one, to a diligent and jealous attention to public affairs. The country gentleman was ever the faithful guardian of the rights of the nation, ever a bold opposer of the encroachments of prerogative, ever ready to take and spread the alarm when any dangerous innovation was suspected or intended. He thought the health and immortality of our enervated constitution depended on preserving it as near as possible on its old Saxon foundation. He equally dreaded the licentiousness of democracy, and the tyranny of monarchy. His love of liberty was founded on reflection, on historical experience, on personal enjoyment. He owed the blessings of his situation to God, and the virtue and courage of his forefathers; he was determined to maintain and transmit them unimpaired to his posterity. Hence his apprehension of ministerial influence, hence his dread, or even disdain of royal favour. Such, add they, were the happy effects of a plain and simple manner of life, of an ignorance, or contempt of the arts of elegance, of refinement and effeminacy in accommodation. But now, some lament how fatally is the picture reversed. These days of activity, industry, independence, are now no more. The land-steward embezzles and purloins a fortune, by the absence or indolence of the proprietor; a French novel, or essays of impiety, White's or Almack's, are substituted instead of a Livy, a Plutarch, a Tacitus; and when the season, and in a manner necessity, constrain him to relinquish the tumultuous dissipations of the capital, instead of the improvements of agriculture and the exercises of the field; allow him the means of employing Adams and Brown, enable him to festoon and foliage his chimney-pieces, to paint his cielings in wanton compartments, to dazzle you with a glare of colour, gilding and mirror, to metamorphose his fruitful fields and meadows into barren shrubbery and landscape; give one son a reversion, prefer another in the army, and the third in the church;

such a government as ours, was itself supported by some of that ancient *economy and simplicity of manners*, that were not growing, but grown out of fashion."

Let me also refer the reader to some fine touches by Rousseau, relative to the manners of both sexes, in the days of that dispassionate observer Muralet: "*Les Angloises sont douces et timides. Les Anglois sont durs et féroces. Les deux sexes aiment à vivre à part, tous deux se livrent au jeu sans fureur, et s'en font un métier plutôt qu'une passion; tous deux ont un grand respect pour les choses honnêtes; tous deux aiment la patrie et les loix; tous deux honorent la foi conjugale; la paix domestique plaît à tous deux, — pour tous deux, l'amour est terrible et tragique; — enfin tous deux se plaisent à la campagne, et les dames Angloises errent aussi volontiers dans leurs parcs solitaires, qu'elles vont se montrer à Vaux-hall. De ce goût commun pour la solitude naît aussi celui des lectures contemplatives. — Ainsi tous deux, plus recueillis avec eux-mêmes, se livrent moins à des imitations frivoles, prennent mieux le goût des vrais plaisirs de la vie, et songent moins à paroître heureux qu'à l'être.*" Rousseau à Vir. D'Alembert, p. 238.

Surely we no longer can claim many of these amiable features. See also what Bishop Sprat says so beautifully of our manners in the time of our second Charles. History of the Royal Society, p. 114, and 405, 406, 407.

and if you please, you may expose the nation to every indignity, * embezzle or dissipate her treasures without exmination, much less controul; oppress Ireland by restriction and pension; ruin, desolate, perhaps lose America, by ignorant, impolitic and sanguinary violence; abandon the mild, inoffensive natives of India, to the plunder and rapine of a pack of the basest, lowest, and most ignorant scoundrels and villains, the scandal and reproach of the very name of Englishmen. † Such are the consequences of consideration being paid to wealth alone, unsupported by merit or talents; such, of the admiration of the arts of luxury and elegance."

We cannot give altogether into this writer's notions and those of other declaimers against the arts of elegance and refinement. Certainly there is a moderation to be observed in these, as in all other things; but we must still regard convenience, splendor, and magnificence as objects merely relative. That a people, among whom such arts have made little progress, and an equality of property generally prevails, are more easily governed than a people in more shining and splendid circumstances, is readily admitted; but what is to be inferred from this, more than that the arts of government and civil policy are not equally improved and refined with others. The reason why consideration is in this country paid to wealth alone, is not so much owing to the increase of luxury and the cultivation of the fine arts, as to the absurd laws that have crept into government, and have sapped the vitals of the constitution. The vast increase and diffusion of wealth, that have of late years distinguished this country, would rather tend to render riches cheap and familiar in the eyes of the public, were they considered only as the means of purchasing the superfluities of splendor and magnificence. Were they found to contribute only to the vanity and caprices of mankind, they would soon be despised, even by the vulgar; but the consideration paid to wealth alone, independent of merit and talents, is, in this country, established by law. Wealth legally confers not only dignity and splendor, but power, respect, veneration, and even virtue. Our *qualification-acts*, and not our improvements in trade and commerce, or our taste for the fine arts, have laid the axe to the root both of public and private virtue in this country. Hence our many boy-senators, and booby representatives in parliament! Repeal those acts, make merit

* Alluding probably to the affair of Falkland's Island, &c. when the nation was constrained to arm at so great an expence, without any compensation; and when a war was represented by the court, as such a dreadful thing to this country. How very soon America made them change the language!

† When this was written, the judges were not sent out.

and probity again as reputable as in the days of Scipio, Cincinnatus, or even of honest Andrew Marvel, and it will not be in the power of the wealth of both Indies to promote the progress of venality and corruption in a thousand years, so much as those impolitic acts have done within a century. Our author appears to be sensible of the political necessity of encouraging the arts of luxury, though he despairs, and seems ignorant of the means of regulating their *good*, and counteracting their *evil* effects.

"Where property," says he, "is very unequally divided, without luxury and the arts of taste and elegance, what would be the condition of the generality, and of the common people? What is now expended in ostentation and vanity; on the architect, the painter, the scenical gardener, the ingenious manufacturer; would serve only as formerly to maintain an undistinguishing hospitality, to feed indolent, useless and licentious dependents and retainers. All the knowledge, principle, activity, industry, that enlighten and dignify the middle class of people, would presently disappear, and be supplanted by ignorance, servility and sloth. The whole country being in few hands, the manners of feudal barbarism and anarchy would return; we should be degraded into nobles and slaves."

This certainly or worse would be the case; but to what purpose, may we ask, are genius and talents implanted in mankind, if their natural tendency be to moral and political ruin? We are far from thinking a state of political happiness and social refinement the *unnatural* state of human society, and cannot help pitying the narrow-minded moralists who conceive, with our author, that the interests of virtue and humanity are inconsistent with elegance and refinement. Let the improvement of civil polity, we say again, keep pace with our improvements in the other arts, and society will run no danger from the latter. Our author thinks that,

"In such times, as these we live in, the utmost, the well-meaning and those who love our country can do*, is to endeavour to excite and revive principles of justice, of integrity, of humanity, of public spirit, of true generosity, of moderation, of desire; by insisting on the self-satisfaction, and general esteem that accompany them, in the acceptance and reward they will receive from the Deity, and on the absurdity and folly (to give it no worse names) of sacrificing such valuable advantages, with the hope of a lasting future felicity, for gratifications and enjoyments so unsatis-

* Hear the great statesman to much the same purpose, "Perché gli è ufficio d' uomo buono, quel bene, che per la malignità de' tempi e della fortuna, tu non hai potuto operare, insegnarlo ad altri, acciò che sendone molti capaci, alcuno di quelli più amato dal cielo possa operarla." Machiavelli Discorsi. lib. ii. c. i.

factory, so fleeting, and which we hold by so weak, so precarious, so short a tenure. In few words, all that persons in certain situations can attempt, is to persuade and convince us, that there is no peace or enjoyment but in innocence, integrity and virtue; and that even a moderate situation is preferable to the most shining and splendid circumstances, when sought for and obtained by venal and treacherous conduct, by a criminal silence and compliance, or a yet more criminal active concurrence."

We have no objection to the persuasive expedients recommended by this writer; but, with all due deference to the opinion of Machiavel, we think the coercive measures of good government more consistent, with even his system of politics, to effect a political reformation, than either moral or religious persuasives. We will venture to say, that if the present qualification-acts were repealed, and personal merit and talents in the candidates for posts of public honour and interest, were preferred to fortune, it would have the most salutary effect in putting a stop to the progress of that venality and corruption, which seems to have taken possession of every part of our vitiated and debauched constitution. In his *third* essay, which is a sequel to that on luxury, our author draws a contrast between the manners of a Grecian and an English woman of fashion. The contrast is, indeed, a striking one, and affords the author an opportunity for writing a severe satire on our modern fine ladies. But, though it must be admitted that the women of this age, are as ridiculous in their dress and amusements as they have been in any other, we do not think the comparison, as this writer has drawn it, a fair one, or that the manners of the ancients were, on the whole, to be preferred to our own. The wife of Ischomachus appears to have been a *non-such* among the women of Greece, and though she might be exhibited, therefore, as a pattern for the Greek ladies, is not with the same propriety contrasted to an English one. What if Ischomachus had turned the tables upon Socrates, and catechised him about Xantippe in like manner? Would it not have been equally fair in our author to have adopted the comparison? Essay the *fourth*, treats of *unrestrained power* *. The *fifth*, of *happiness and tranquility of mind*. The *sixth*, discusses the question, "Whether the multiplicity of books and increase of knowledge be favourable to piety and love of public good." In the discussion of this question, as indeed through the greater part of this writer's speculations, he adopts too readily a hacknied declamation on the subjects treated of, without making those necessary discriminations, which would become the pen of a philosopher. In the present

* See London Review for August last, p. 101.

sent case, for instance, he confounds the multiplicity of books with the increase of knowledge. The printers add no more to knowledge by the multiplicity of books than the gold-beaters do to gold by hammering it into a multiplicity of leaves: and the one might as well pretend to the art of making gold, as the other to that of increasing knowledge. The one commodity indeed, is more extensively spread, and the other diffused, by the multiplication of prints and the magnification of surfaces, but the solidity of both remain the same. Knowledge, like gold, also, must be kept in few hands, to make any one either knowing or rich. We agree with him, that a multiplicity of books is a great evil; but we cannot look upon knowledge as such. If by *piety* he means *devotion*, the mother of it is proverbially known to be *ignorance*; but he will hardly subscribe to the supposition that *knowledge* is therefore *impious*. And yet he tells us that "it is only ignorance, poverty, and impotence, that preserve nations, princes, and even individuals, moderate, equitable, and virtuous." Shakespeare somewhere calls ignorance the curse of God; and knowledge is frequently called, by various writers, the gift of God. How different must have been the conceptions of such authors from those of our pious essayist! Not that he is much mistaken in the facts on which he founds these strange deductions; but he imputes effects to the wrong causes, and not unfrequently takes a cause for an effect; philosophizing, as witches, they say, mumble the Lord's prayer, backwards.

"With regard to government," says he "when persons of observation, of discernment, peruse the story of nations, through the different periods of barbarity, civilization, refinement, what are the reflections, what the conclusions suggested to them? That there is a natural and gradual progress in human affairs, neither to be accelerated or retarded by their feeble and ineffectual endeavours. That it is only ignorance, poverty, impotence, that preserve nations, princes, even individuals, moderate, equitable, virtuous. That liberty, private and public virtue, are the portion of those states alone, in which property is divided in some measure agreeably to reason and justice; in which the arts of luxury and refinement have made but little progress, nor gained an ascendancy; that whenever this change in condition and manners of a people begins to prevail, it is impossible to resist the torrent of selfishness, venality, sensuality, corruption."

It is to our historical knowledge of this national fatality that he imputes a want of public spirit, and the despair of reformation.

"Can such sort of knowledge afforded by history contribute greatly to the love of virtue, and of public good? Does it not seem to inculcate a very opposite conduct? Does it not seem to advise, to endeavour, to give into the general maxims, to swim with the stream, to acquiesce in the enjoyments of life, and of office, rather than be singularly uncorrupt and obscure? Does it not seem to infer, that opposition to illegal and unconstitutional measures can be hazarded, as was hinted above, with hopes of success, only when the generality of the people are incorrupt, their desires moderate, their fortunes nearly equal; not when a partial influence has already, though imperceptibly, exceeded all salutary bounds; not when it has more to bestow than there is merit to receive; not when all ranks and conditions appear to have nothing in view but the gratifications of sense, appetite, ostentation. In such a scene of corruption, of hopeless servility and debasement, who will have virtue or courage to be singularly good? Who will sincerely unite with him in the glorious struggle? Shall you then wanton in affluence, respect, consideration, while I am doomed to poverty, insignificance, contempt? Are such the rewards of flattery, prostitution, ignorance, venality; such of sincerity, integrity, knowledge? The trial, the event is too severe, I must live upon a footing with my equals, or I must not live at all."

To corroborate this argument, he adds the following application.

"Hence it is justly observed by Demosthenes in his third Philippic, 'That at certain periods, the interests of a state are given up, not corruptly or ignorantly, but from a desperate purpose of yielding to the fall of a constitution, thought to be irrecoverably lost.'—Were not these the sentiments of the late Lord Bathurst, in a letter to Mr. Pope on the state of our own country? 'I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost; like some fools here (at Bath) with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupted, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; it makes them all in one house, and it chuses above half in the other. Four-and-twenty bishops, and sixteen Scots peers, is a terrible weight in one. Forty-five from one country, besides the west of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were his Majesty inclined to-morrow, to declare his body-coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily, as they do with the sagacious driver, who now sits on the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs, the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others, and would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it only double the dose, and carry

ry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended.*

But granting the state of the case to be so deplorable as here represented, it does not follow that such is a necessary consequence of the similar fate of other nations, or of our historical knowledge of it. Is it not rather a necessary consequence of the absurdity in legislation and government above hinted. It is not the effect of *knowledge* but *ignorance* or *insanity*, agreeable to the adage, *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. Were it not a folly to expect that venality and corruption should ever be eradicated, or that public spirit and private virtue should flourish, among a people whose *laws* so forcibly co-operate with their *manners* to raise riches into esteem, and to sink merit and probity into contempt? We shall speak of the remaining essays of this collection in a future Review. N.

The Plays of William Shakspeare, in ten Volumes, with Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators; to which are added, Notes by Samuel Johnson and George Steevens. The second Edition, revised and augmented. 8vo. 3l. Bathurst, &c.
[Continued from Page 10, and concluded.]

The number of new publications that lay claim to our immediate attention, reduces us to the necessity of fulfilling our promise, respecting this work, with more conciseness and dispatch, than the entertainment of our readers seemed at first to require of us. We are obliged therefore, to take leave of it with two or three short specimens of the commentary and notes. It is one of the greatest inconveniences attending dramatic writing, and particularly theatrical representation, that the meaning of the author is liable to be misconceived and even ludicrously misrepresented by the ignorance or loose, and sometimes gross, imaginations of the auditors.* To prevent this, the players, and sometimes the commentators, take the liberty to change the words or phrase of the writer.† We have an instance of this misconception, and the awkward attempt to frustrate its effects, in the following

* Of this the French critics have more reason to complain than the English; that volatile people making less scruple, on every occasion, to exercise their talents at ridicule and parody.

† Particularly when words grow into dispute, as they sometimes do, as Shakspeare says, by keeping bad company.

passage in the scene between Macbeth and his lady, preceding the murder of Duncan.

Macbeth. If we should fail,---

Lady. We fail!

But screw your courage to the *sticking* place
And we'll not fail.

The false delicacy of our theatrical performers, with the conscious grossness of play-house prudery, hath changed the word *sticking*, in the above passage, into that of *proper*. Thus our modern, nice, and delicate Lady Macbeths say,

But screw your courage to the *proper* place.

With what *propriety* we leave our readers to judge, on the perusal of the following note.

"But screw your courage to the *sticking* place.]"

This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking* place is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So in Sir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630."

'—There is an engine made,

'Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels;

'For they, once *screwed up*, in their return

'Will rive an oak."

Again, in *Coriolanus*, act. I. sc. viii.

'*Wrench up* thy power to the highest."

Perhaps indeed Shakspeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his metaphor from the *screwing up* the cords of string instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking* place, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS."

The following is a passage celebrated for having puzzled the critics. Macbeth is describing the scene of Duncan's murder.

Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;

—there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore.

On this passage Mr. Steevens gives the following collection of suggestions.

"Unmannerly breech'd with gore:—]"

An *unmannerly dagger*, and a *dagger breech'd*, or as in some editions, *breach'd with gore*, are expressions not easily to be understood. There are undoubtedly two faults in this passage, which I have endeavoured to take away by reading:

—daggers

Unmanly drench'd with gore:—

I fear

"I saw drench'd with the king's blood the fatal daggers, not only instruments of murder, but evidences of cowardice.

"Each of these words might easily be confounded with that which I have substituted for it, by a hand not exact, a casual blot, or a negligent inspection. JOHNSON.

"Unmannerly breech'd with gore:—"]

This nonsensical account of the state in which the daggers were found, must surely be read thus:

Unmanly reech'd with gore:]

Reech'd, soiled with a dark yellow, which is the colour of any reechy substance, and must be so of steel stain'd with blood. He uses the word very often, as *reech hangings*, *reechy neck*, &c. So, that the sense is, that they were *unmanly* stain'd with blood, and that circumstance added, because often such stains are most honourable. WARBURTON.

"Dr. Warburton has, perhaps, rightly put *reech'd* for *breech'd*.

JOHNSON.

"I apprehend it to be the duty of an editor to represent his author such as he is, and explain the meaning of the words he finds, to the best advantage, instead of attempting to make them better by any violent alteration.

"The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *bilts* or *handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and *unbreech* a gun are common terms. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*:

"The main spring's weaken'd that hold up his cock,

"He lies to be new *breech'd*."

"*Unbreech* his barrel, and discharge his bullets."

A Cure for a Cuckold, by Webster and Rowley.

STEEVENS.

Whether the word which follows be *reech'd*, *breech'd*, *bauch'd*, or *drench'd*, I am at least of opinion that *unmannerly* is the genuine reading. Macbeth is describing a scene shocking to humanity: and, in the midst of his narrative, throws a parenthetical reflection, consisting of one word not connected with the sentence, "(O most *unseemly*!)" For this is a meaning of the word *unmannerly*: and the want of considering it in this *detached* sense has introduced much confusion into the passage. The Latins often used *nefas* and *infandum* in this manner. Or, in the same sense, the word may be here applied adverbially. The correction of the author of the *Revival* is equally frigid and unmeaning. "Their daggers in a manner lay drench'd with gore." The manifest artifice and dissimulation of the speech seems to be heightened by the explanation which I have offered. WARTON.

"This passage, says Mr. Heath, seems to have been the *crux criticorum*! Every one has tried his skill at it, and I may venture to say, no one has succeeded.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthy—in a foul manner—stain'd with blood*. A scabbard is called a *pilch*, a leather coat, in

Romeo—

Romeo—but you will ask, whence the allusion to *breeches*? Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of *Macbeth* is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in 1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book was published by Peter Erondell, (with commendatory poems, by Daniel, and other wits of the time) called *The French Garden*, or, a *Summer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, some dialogues of a dramatic cast, which, I am persuaded, our author had read in the English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present purpose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dialogue: ‘Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your master’s silver hatched daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches*, bring the brushes, and brush them before me.” Shakespeare was deceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the French on the other page, even as a learner, he must have been set right at once. ‘Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez querir les poignards argentez de vos maîtres, vous n’avez pas espouffeté leur *haut-de-chausses*,”—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in the next sentence *bas-de-chausses*, *stockings*, and so on through all the articles of dress.

FARMER.

This is a most ingenious conjecture of Dr. Farmer’s, and is probably the true explication of the passage. In our own attempt, however, to explain Shakespeare by the correction merely of his pointing, * we conjectured the difficulty might be removed by reading the passage thus:

—there, the murderers,
Steep’d in the colours of their trade their daggers,
Unmannerly breech’d with gore.

In which case the *murderers* are represented as *unmannerly breech’d* in gore, and not the *daggers*; which may surely be said with as much propriety to have been *steeped* as may the murderers; to whom, on the other hand, the term *breeched* may be applied with more propriety. It is confessed that the presumed transposition is somewhat violent and harsh; but, if it be recollected that, as both Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson observe, this speech is very artfully made up of *unnatural language*, it may be admitted, by way of getting rid of a greater difficulty. The mere transposition of a comma, is surely a less violent alteration than has been attempted by changing the words. But we dismiss this edition of our favourite poet with the following note, on a passage in the last act of *Othello*.

* An instance of which is alluded to by Mr. Farmer, in a passage of the *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*. Vol. III. page 46.

—of one, whose hand,

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe.—] I have restored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occasioned probably by the word *tribe* just after. I have many reasons to oppose this opinion. In the first place, the most ignorant Indian, I believe, is so far the reverse of the *dunghill-cock*, in the *fable*, as to know the estimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that respect, the thought itself would not be just. Then, if our author had designed to reflect on the ignorance of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago observed, the phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means a *fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, because, to make sense of this, we must pre-suppose some particular story of a Jew alluded to; which is much less obvious: but has Shakespeare never done this, but in this single instance? I am satisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumstance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the story so little obvious, as Mr. Pope seems to imagine: for, in the year 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew published a tragedy called *MARIAM, the Fair Queen of JEWRY*. I shall only add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean* (if that should be alledged as any objection) instead of *Judean*, with the same license and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he shortens the second syllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewise taken by Spencer, of whom our author was a studious imitator. THEOBALD.

“*Like the base Indian threw a pearl away*] The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whose usage to Mariamne is so apposite to the speaker's case, that a more proper instance could not be thought of. Besides, he was the subject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in Hamlet, where an ill player is described.

“—to out-herod Herod.”

The metaphor term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is so common as scarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Cressida*, a lover says of his mistress,

“There she lies a *pearl*.”—

And again,

“Why she is a *pearl*, whose price,” &c

WARBURTON.

Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away

Richer than all his tribe. I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this passage to refer either to the natives of India, in respect of *pearls*, or the well-known story of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might just as fairly be supposed to have alluded to that of Jephtha and his daughter.

“Othello,

"Othello. in the description of what he has done, seems to compare himself to another person who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with some circumstances of the *meanest villainy*, which the epithet *base* seems to imply in its general sense, though it is sometimes used only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *base* in the former and most common sense, whose fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuse with it; and the crime of Herod surely deserves a more aggravated distinction. For though in every crime, great as well as small, there is a degree of baseness, yet the *furiis agitated amor*, such as contributed to that of Herod, seems to ask a stronger word to characterize it; as there was *spirit* at least in what he did, though the spirit of a fiend, and the epithet *base* would better suit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Besides, the simile appears to me too apposite almost to be used on the occasion, and is little more than bringing the fact into comparison with itself. Each through jealousy had destroyed an innocent wife, circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, B. XI. where after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons:

'At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon

'Unum exerta latus pugnae pharerata Camilla.

'At circum lectæ comites,' &c.

We find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves, to Hyppolita or Penthesilea, surrounded by their companions:

'Quales Treiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis

'Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:

'Seu circum Hypoliten, seu cum se martia curru

'Penthesilea refert.'

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

"A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls; which he offered on the change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shewn at market, he had fixed an immoderate price,

price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more exposed it to sale on the former terms, but to no purpose. After having expatiated, for the last time, on the singular beauty and value of it, he threw it suddenly into the sea before them all. Though this anecdote may appear inconsistent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it sufficiently agrees with the spirit so remarkable at all times in the scattered remains of that vindictive nation.

“Shakspeare's seeming aversion to the Jews in general, and his constant desire to expose their *avarice* and *baseness* as often as he had an opportunity, may serve to strengthen my supposition; and as that nation, in his time, and since, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conspicuous*, but has rather contented itself to thrive by the meaner and more successful arts of *baseness*, there seems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falstaff is justifying himself, in Henry IV. he adds, ‘If what I have said be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew Jew,’ i. e. one of the most suspected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is described in Shylock, may afford us reason to suppose the poet was alluding to a story like that already quoted.

“*Richer than all his tribe*, seems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that the *pearl* was richer than all the *gems* to be found among a set of men generally trading in them. Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the course of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the similes of the Euxine sea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The rest of his speeches are more free from mythological and historical allusions, than almost any to be found in Shakspeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the design of his character he seems to have meant it for one who had spent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of use to him in his military capacity. It should be observed, that most of the flourishes merely ornamental were added after the first edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations sometimes forgot his original plan.

“The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, may, for ought I know, be very common; but in the instances Dr. Warburton has brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately shew a woman to have been meant. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

‘HER BED IS INDIA, there SHE lies a *pearl*’

‘Why SHE is a *pearl* whose price hath launch'd,’ &c.

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“ In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression ; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

“ Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious ; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account, our present republication (and more especially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the public. A time, however, may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *ibats* and *whiches* ; and thenceforward it may be prophesied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity.

“ To this note should be subjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it ; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added ? STEEVENS.

K.

Immaterialism Delineated; or a View of the first Principles of Things. By Joseph Berington. 8vo. 4s. Robinson.
(Continued from Page 45.)

We have received a long epistle, relative to this performance, from a correspondent, who grievously complains that he cannot *understand* the latter part of our argument respecting the *conundrum* of the Zenonists, and particularly that of our note, page 45. If the gentleman be not too angry to listen to reason, we would beg leave to remind him, that, in offering our strictures to the public, on the various productions of literature and science that come before us, we do not engage, either to furnish our readers with *understanding*, or to teach them the several arts and sciences necessary for them to know, in order to comprehend such strictures. It is peculiarly inconvenient, in the science of physics, that philosophers are obliged to use the common terms and phraseology of popular language, to which philosophical ideas are seldom

seldom precisely attached. Hence it is, that philosophical arguments appear mere *heathen Greek* to unphilosophical readers; who, in fact, no more understand them, than would a mere English auditor understand the most common discourse that should be addressed to him in a foreign tongue. Our correspondent particularly objects to our having said, that "It is necessary for *motion* to describe a given space in a given time, in order to have any determinate velocity; the velocity of motion being nothing more than the relation which the time taken up by the motion bears to the space passed through during such time."—"A body," he says, "must be either in motion, or at rest; if at rest, it has no celerity at all; and if in motion, it must move with some certain or determinate velocity how small soever."—In this assertion, however, respecting the motion of palpable bodies, he is mistaken; it is well known, that in the *communication* of motion from and to such bodies, there is an interval, during which both the moved and moving bodies are partly at rest, and partly in motion; the *velocity* of the body moved being, during that interval, *determined* by the difference between the *impulse* of the one, and the *resistance* of the other. A similar circumstance attends the *primary generation*, as well as the *secondary communication* of motion. But this is not the place to enter upon its illustration, even did we not despair of rendering ourselves intelligible to this correspondent: we shall proceed, therefore, to shew, that his friend, Mr. Berrington, seems to entertain almost as vague and incorrect ideas of physical objects as himself.—To give the fairest play to Mr. B.'s argument, we admitted, without necessity or even propriety, of his distinction between *body mathematical* and *body physical*; but the distinction is as unscientific as possible. Body is a *physical* term, and doth not belong to mathematical science at all; which relates merely to quantity, and its relative ratios and proportions. This distinction is also inconsistent with itself, even according to Mr. B.'s own definition. "The mathematician," says he, "considers nothing in body but *extension* and *figure*." (Page 42.) Again (page 57) "*Body mathematical is clothed with two forms, extension and figure.*"—Are *extension* and *figure*, then, only the *formal clothing* of this body? And is nothing else to be considered in it?—If so, what is it, divested of its *clothing*? Doth it deserve a name and distinction? Surely not! In this writer's description of *body physical*, the only body we know of, he blunders round about a meaning somewhat nearer the truth.

“The constituent principles of all matter or body, I resolve then into *simple* and *unextended* elements. They are not the unextended points of Zeno. In his opinion, indeed, the elements of body were void of extension, but then they were also void of every quality or attribute whatever; *simplicity* alone was their essential and sole property, and this, in fact, was not even enough to distinguish them from non-entities? it was a mere privation, incapable of effect, and consequently incapable of producing the most ordinary phenomenon in nature. Such are not the material elements, for whose existence I contend. *Simple* indeed they are, in the most precise sense of the word, and are therefore void of all extension, considered as an *inherent property* of body; but, besides simplicity, they are likewise endowed with *certain qualities*, which constitute their *internal essence*; which stamp on them the character of *real being*; which characterise their *individual natures*; which render them capable of *doing* something, and, by this mean, of generating, according to fixed and established laws, all the properties, and all the effects ascribed to body.”

Here we come nearer to the point; the characteristic property of the principles of *body*, is that which renders them capable of *doing* something. Again, in the next page, he says, the “elements of body are gifted with *force* or *activity*. Without this property I can discover nothing that is real, nothing that is positive in nature.”*—So far, so good; but of what *nature* is this force or activity? Our author admits it to be limited; but confesses it difficult to form a distinct idea either of the *nature* of its energy, or of its *mode* of operating.—But where lies the difficulty, if we appeal to physical experiment, and to those organs by which we become acquainted with the effects of such force or activity? Are not all the mechanical powers, productive of the phenomena of the material universe, to be ultimately resolved into those of *resistance* and *impulse*, the one the property of *matter*, and the other of *motion*?—Mr. B. indeed, partly confesses as much. “The reality of a material energy,” says he, “seems a truth demonstrable *à priori*, and is evidently deducible from the phenomena exhibited through the general scheme of creation.”—Again, speaking of the elements of matter, he says, “The native and characteristic force of each element may also be considered in the light of a *spring*,

* To this purpose speaks Mr. Colden, in the first chapter on the *principles of action in matter*; a writer who seems to have furnished the present with some notions, both true and false, relative to this subject. Mr. B. however, tells us, he did not see Mr. C.’s tract till his own was nearly finished. He passes, nevertheless, high encomiums on it, as a profound treatise, worthy of the attention of philosophers. The truth is, nevertheless, that Mr. C.’s book, although it contain many ingenious suggestions, is very superficial and inconclusive, as to the physical theory advanced in it.

always tending to expand itself."—What is *this*, but giving into our own notions, promulgated long since, that the matter, or primary substance of bodies, is a *power of expansion*, describing and occupying the *expanse* of the *material universe*?—But though our author has adopted this notion, and seems to have a little glimmering of light into the real principles of matter, he presently loses sight of it, to grope in the dark among mere chimeras. Had he imputed *motion* to a power of *impulse*, as he does *matter* to a power of *expansion*, he would have wanted nothing but the *disposition* and *direction* of a first intelligent cause, to have effected his whole purpose. Instead of this, for want of a sufficient turn for, or a knowledge in, the science of mechanics, he stops short, and confounds himself with *secondary* elements, before he has got through the *primary*.

"Having advanced thus far through the dreary paths of metaphysical disquisition, the prospect seems to clear before me, and to promise a more easy and agreeable journey. If I have not deceived myself, such preliminary ideas are now established, as will not only facilitate further progress, but also produce consequences tending to the general *fixation* of the doctrine I am attempting to delineate. For if all bodies be a combination of simple elements, and if the primary attribute of such elements be force or energy, universally disposed in *exact weight and measure*; the immediate consequence is, that all the properties or qualities, generally *inherent* in bodies are but *effects* derived from the *connection* of bodies impressed on our senses, and widely dissimilar from the causes which produce them.

"In the first place, then, *matter* is arranged into particular systems, otherwise *bodies*, by the *adunation* of principles, betwixt which may be supposed to subsist such a *relation or analogy* of primitive action, that a peculiar adhesion and configuration of parts, internal and external, is thereby generated. *Matter*, strictly speaking, is not *body*; it is, as observed before,* that *elementary constituent in composite substances, which appertains in common to them all*. To produce *body*, must be added to this similar and common mass some particular form. *Figure* seems to spring from the *motive force* of the elements; which is itself the *united effort or action* of various conjoined principles directed to one point."

What can Mr. Berington mean by the *united effort of various combined principles directed to one point*? Can he mean any thing more than what *various impulses directed*, or *primary impulses*, acting in various directions upon expansive *resisting matter*, would mechanically produce? Why then not proceed in the investigation mechanically and intelligibly, if not for the reason above alledged? How unphilosophical is

it to talk of the *force* or *energy* of the primary elements being "universally disposed in exact *weight* and *measure* ? What are *weight* and *measure*, but relations far subsequent to such a disposition ? Had he done this, he would have avoided the blunder of reasoning in a circle, and taking things for granted, which he attempts to prove. For instance, "*Body*," says he, "is a compound of other less bodies, which may be called *corpuscles*." Mr. B. may call his little bodies what he will, but they are as much entitled to the name of *body*, being *little*, as if they were ever so big. But hear him on.

"These," corpuscles "are *primary* and *secondary*. *Primary corpuscles* are those which arise directly from the union of the simple elements, and into which analysis would immediately resolve them. *Secondary corpuscles* are an aggregate from the primary, and are divided into different orders or classes. The *secondary* of the *first class* are formed from the primary ; those of the second from the first of the same order, and so on through a graduated and uninterrupted scale of indefinite composition.—To carry on the speculation a step further : the *primary corpuscles* may be supposed to result from the least possible number of elemental principles, whose action and re-action is mutually direct or immediate. Corpuscles of the succeeding orders, formed from *groups* of elements, exert not on each other such *immediate* action ; their combination is more complex, and consequently their mutual action and re-action must be so likewise."

This is all very prettily *supposed*. But, pray, *whence* and *why* the union of the *simple elements*, to form the *primary corpuscles* ? Why the aggregation of the *primary corpuscles* to form the *secondary*, and so on ? We may *suppose*, indeed, that the mutual action and reaction of the corpuscles of the succeeding orders, may combine to form the most intricate combinations : but, in order to render such a supposition plausible, we ought to be able to form some idea of their *modus operandi*, of their mode of action, and the mechanical process of their reciprocal operation. Our author's attempt at this illustration is extremely defective and puerile.

"*Action* and *reaction*," says he, "are *correlatives* ; one cannot exist without the other : resistance or reaction is a necessary condition to action : even action becomes reaction by a mere change of circumstances : in other words, A acting on B, as it determines B is said to *act* ; as it resists the reaction of B, it *reacts* : consequently every body that acts is at the same time *active* and *re-active*."

It is admitted that, in the mechanical system of the universe, the action and reaction of palpable bodies is reciprocal and equal ; but this circumstance, general as it is, is the mechanical

chanical effect of the energy of the primary elements, and not the physical properties or energies themselves, which are the cause of it. He confounds the terms of the proposition, in using that of *resistance*, as equivalent with *reaction*. The great philosopher, who established the doctrine of the equality of action and reaction, added the words, *and in contrary directions*. Now Mr. B. leaves the *directions* out of the question; although essentially necessary to it, and confining such equality to that kind of *action* and *reaction*, which is denominated *impulse* and *repulse*, and is always exerted in some particular direction. Now one body cannot *impel* another, but by acting against it in some one direction, or *repel* another, but by reacting against it in the contrary direction; whereas the *resistance* of bodies is not, like their *reaction*, dependent on the circumstance of their impulse or repulse. It is an innate and universal property in matter, which is the primary *cause* of that equality which is found to prevail between the action and reaction of bodies, in their various encounters of collision and percussion. By this limitation of the foregoing maxim, respecting action and reaction, to contrary directions, it is plainly meant of that force, energy, or species of action, which belongs to *impulse* or *motion*, and not to that *force* or power of *expansion*, which constitutes and is the cause of the *resistance* of the *primary matter*. At the same time, it is evident, that a power of *expansion* being similar to a property of elasticity, the *intensity* of expansive force must increase in proportion to its condensation: so that its power of universal resistance must be equal to the power of the impulses by which it might be condensed.---But we fear the generality of our readers will be little edified by our reflections on this subject; we shall dismiss the philosophical part of this work, and, referring the inquisitive reader, for the theological part, to the volume itself, conclude with the following extract from the preface; where the author speaks of himself and his attachment to the Church of Rome; in which he places, as a philosopher, a very singular and submissive confidence.

“ Though myself a member of a church, which generally is represented as intolerant, and stubbornly averse from freedom of enquiry, I will say, that however true such representations might be, with regard to former times, or the sentiments of some individuals even at this day, still that it is, by no means, any point of doctrinal belief. The mind of a Roman Catholic may be as open to rational enquiry, and he is as free to speculate on every subject placed within the reach of human investigation, as any member of the reformed churches; for his submission must be *rational*, also must he be able to give an account of the faith that is in him. But there are points

points of belief, the mysterious revelations of heaven, he is taught to revere as sacred; these he pretends not to fathom; he assents to them, without hesitation, as to the words of God, which his church holds out to him, a widely-extended body of men, which even his reason tells him must be a surer guide to truth than the dictates of his own individual judgment." W.

Reflections on the Doctrine of Materialism; and the Application of that Doctrine to the pre-existence of Christ: addressed to Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S. With an Appendix: briefly stating the Substance of a Correspondence between Dr. Priestley and Dr. Price, on the Subject; as far as that Correspondence affects the preceding Reflections. By Philaethes Rusticans. 8vo. 4s. Flexney.

We have here another of Dr. Priestley's antagonists, who has been *rusticating* himself, like Mr. Berington, till the writers of the metropolis have said almost all their good things* before them. But, for this, let him apologise to the public as he hath done in his dedication to the Doctor.

To Joseph Priestley, LL. D. F. R. S.

S I R,

"The late appearance of the subsequent pages, after two or three direct replies have been made to your *Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit*, and the manner in which they are introduced to the public, so different from that which you have prescribed to those antagonists, who may expect replies, demand an apology; which you will be pleased to accept in the spirit of ingenuous truth, instead of an adulatory dedication.

The immortality of the soul is a notion, with which I must own, those wicked heathens of Greece and Rome, whom you so bitterly reprobate, had strongly impressed me: and the scriptures, as I thought, adding their suffrage to the truth of the doctrine, confirmed me in it. When the heathen poet's "*Divinæ particula auræ*" returned, in the language of an inspired writer, to him, who gave it: I conceived, if words had any meaning, those words of the sacred penman, describing the soul as returning to God, however or wheresoever to be disposed of by him, could not mean the annihilation of it.

A promise, so expressly made, of such a comfortable refuge, at the very door of death, from the anxieties and disappointments, the numberless "evils that mortality is heir to," I eagerly embraced; and should never have wished to be called on to discuss the

* Our author, in his preface, says, he finds himself anticipated in fewer of his observations than he expected: as to the philosophical part of the argument, however, he has advanced hardly any thing new.

truth

truth of it. If a delusion, it is a pleasant, it is to speak most hardly of it, a harmless one : from the charms of which in delivering me,

—“ Pol me occidis, amice.”

“ The nature of the subject, the reputation of the author, as soon as ever your publication appeared, attracted my attention. And the reflections, which have resulted from a candid and impartial examination of it, would long ago have been addressed you ; had not “ a Free Discussion of the subject, in a correspondence “ between Dr. Priestley and Dr. Price,” many months past been publicly announced ; calculated, I suppose, to arrest the judgment of eager readers, and to stop the pen of *hasty* antagonists. It had that effect on mine ; and with due deference to two such splendid characters I immediately dropped it : resolved to wait for a fight of, if I may be indulged your own terms, that *singular sp. Etac.** This, Sir, and my distant situation from the press, have retarded the present publication long beyond the purposed time. But the subject is not a temporary one ; nor is your performance of that slight and superficial cast, which may be soon forgotten.

“ My next subject of apology, is the irregular manner, in which these Reflections are introduced to the public : irregular I mean, if measured by the rules † you have thought fit to *prescribe* to your antagonists. You require the real name of your opponent : whereas I must ingenuously acknowledge myself to have assumed a fictitious one : for which, however, your next requisition will best plead my excuse ; wherein you require not only a name, but a name famous in the literary world, as a metaphysician or divine. Alas ! Sir, I presume not to aspire to fame in either science. My time hath been chiefly spent in the shades of obscurity ; where, in literary pursuits, inclination led me rather to consult my ease, than sacrifice to fame ; secure from censure, and not vainly courting applause ; no member of a little circle, who gull the world with mutual panegyrics on ourselves, while, union giving strength and confidence,

—“ *Famam petimus damusque vicissim.*”

“ My obscurity will at least give you this advantage, that you may rank me, as suits your vein of humour best : either among your *Scotch antagonists*, whom you affect so contemptuously to group ; among the divines of the established church, against whom you have been pleased to bar the door of metaphysics, modestly asserting, that *HALF of the metaphysicians of the nation are formed in the dissenting academies ;* ‡ or among the retailers of periodical literature, whom you seldom deign to look on : believe me to be a lover of truth, and in your estimation, place me wherever you please. A name so unembellished, and unknown as mine, that cannot spangle in the front, with either F. R. S. or LL. D. in my train,

* Introd. to Free Correspondence, p. 1.

† Pref. to Disq. p. 19.

‡ Free Correspondence, p. 370.

would add neither weight to my arguments, nor dignity to my page: and the preservation of your dignity, is, I trust, best consulted in the concealment of it.

"I must apologize for a breach, if a breach it be, of one more of your articles: it is that which enjoins *decency*. If by *decency* you mean tameness, that *sang froid* of controversy, you seem to have courted, and in some of your antagonists experienced; "*con-sititem habes reum*." But if, by your injunction of *decency*, you mean only to exclude an insolent affectation of superiority, and coarse language, unenlivened by a single grain of humour, such as we have both seen blot the productions of some authors, you shall find in me no just cause of complaint.

"An ingenious writer, whom you have yourself more than once named with respect, humourously observes, that 'if it were to be determined by a general ballot, what particular classes of writers should be condemned to everlasting silence, polemic divines would infallibly be honoured with the first majority.'* To give life and spirit to the dulness of theological controversy, a little raillery perhaps is not amiss; and I hold it within the bounds of *decency*,

'Fortius & melius magnas plerumque secat res

'Ridiculum acri.'

The argument *ad hominem*, is not always the worst argument, if unenvenomed with malignity. And why should it not be so on a point of controversy, in which truth only is concerned; and between persons so entirely unknown to each other, as yourself and me? No gall rankles at the heart, and I can say with confidence, I have intentionally given no reason to charge with a drop of acrimony, the pen of him, who has been frequently known to pay his full tribute of praise to many of your productions, and who is,

Sir, with much respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

PHILALETES RUSTICANS."

Notwithstanding the sly sarcasms in this well-written address, particularly the pointed reflection on the "little circle who gull the world with mutual panegyrics," we cannot help thinking Dr. Priestley must be agreeably flattered, as a writer, with the encomiums paid him by so elegant and masterly a pen. Explicitly as the writer disclaims his pretensions to literary or academical honours, we are much mistaken if he hath not an undoubted right to higher distinctions of that kind than either of those he mentions. As a philosopher, indeed, Dr. Priestley will reflect with equal satisfaction that, however, he may have fallen into error in treating metaphysical and physical subjects, his opponents,

* Prefat. Disc. to Histor. view of the controv. concerning an intermediate state, p. 1.

for the most part, know much less of either than himself. We are sorry to include the present writer, who makes a very respectable figure both as a scholar and a divine, among these *ignoramus* in philosophy. We do it, however, with the less reluctance as he more than once misrepresents Dr. P's argument, and takes occasion to censure him for what he does not advance.* Add to this, that, in a vein very unbecoming so able a writer, he dogmatizes frequently in the common-place strain of our most ignorant and illiterate pretenders to science. Totally ignorant, as it appears, of the modern improvements on the mechanical principles of philosophy, he sometimes takes up the most obscure of his antagonist's arguments, in order to introduce another still more obscure.† At the same time he condemns, with an affected superiority

P 2

* To cite only one instance. "Our author," says he, meaning Dr. Priestley, "is a little inconsistent with himself, in denying solidity to matter, while he acknowledges a single nut-shell-full of solid matter in the whole solar system."—Now the Doctor does not acknowledge any such thing, but makes that acknowledgment of the Newtonian philosophers an argument for their concluding that, if they had so little use for matter, there might perhaps be none at all. His words are these: "The principles of the Newtonian philosophy were no sooner known, than it was seen how few, in comparison, of the phenomena of nature, were owing to *solid matter*, and how much to *powers*, which were only supposed to accompany and surround the solid parts of matter. It has been asserted, and the assertion has never been disproved, that for any thing we know to the contrary, all the solid matter in the solar system might be contained within a nut-shell, there is so great a proportion of *void space* within the substance of the most solid bodies. Now when solidity had apparently so very little to do in the system, it is really a wonder that it did not occur to philosophers sooner, that perhaps there might be nothing for it to do at all, and that there might be no such thing in nature."

† Thus, in order to prove that *spirit*, as something essentially different from *matter*, occupies space in a manner unknown to us, he quotes the passage which Dr. P. cites from father Boscovich, to prove the mutual penetrability of *matters*. "The possibility of the fact, I cannot but think, father Boscovich, in the very words our author has quoted from him, demonstrates. 'Provided that any body move with a sufficient degree of velocity, or have sufficient degree of *momentum* to overcome any powers of repulsion, that it may meet with, it will find no difficulty in making its way through any body whatever: † *nothing will interfere or penetrate one another*, but powers such as we know do in fact exist in the same place, and counterbalance or over-rule one another. If the *momentum* of such a body in motion be sufficiently great, Mr. Boscovich demonstrates, that the particles of any body, through which it passes, will not even be moved out of their place by it.' Now, if one body, by mere rapidity of motion, can pervade another body, without moving the particles of it out of their place: may we not a *fortiori* maintain, that the velocity, with which the mind moves, may be equal to such efficiency? I urge not this argument as demonstrative of the nature of the mind's operations on body; but as an instance of what the incomprehensible powers of velocity may effect."

Incomprehensible powers of velocity! Incomprehensible indeed! What can this ingenious writer mean by the power of velocity!—He warned us, by an *erratum*,

10

† The words are transcribed from Dr. Priestley.

superiority of understanding, the most irrefragable and generally admitted maxims in metaphysics.

“*Drink deep, or taste not,*” this writer says, “is a rule that is good in every science as well as poetry. A little philosophy gives men strange conceits, and is so apt to swell the mind with extravagant notions of the natural powers of matter, that I have heard one of those wordy philosophers as glibly and confidently describe the fabrication of the universe, as if he had been present, *when God laid the foundations of the earth; and knew all the ordinances of Heaven.*”*

This may be very true, and mere wordy philosophers may, like this writer, talk very glibly and confidently of what they know nothing about: but it is also not uncommon for men, ignorant of mathematical science, and the mechanical principles of physics, to look upon the most rational explication of the phenomena of nature, as “*strange conceits and extravagant notions*” of the natural powers of matter. Dismissing our philosopher, we shall take up the *divine*, in a review of the remainder of these reflections, at a future opportunity.

N.

Sermons on several Subjects, by Zachary Pearce, D. D. late Lord Bishop of Rochester. Published from the original Manuscripts by John Derby, M. A. 4 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. in boards. Robinson.

To these sermons is prefixed the following advertisement.

“The promise made to the public, by the editor of *Bishop Pearce's Commentary, with Notes, on the Four Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles, together with a new Translation of St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, with a Paraphrase and Notes*, &c.† of a selection of his sermons, is now fulfilled; and he has only to acquaint the reader, that none of these discourses, excepting the series of those on Natural and Revealed Religion in the first volume, and those on Popery in the fourth, appear to have been designed for publication. In the others, the attentive reader will sometimes, though but very seldom, meet with a slight repetition of argument; a repetition, which the editor could by no means think himself at liberty to remove—even were it less useful than it is, in rendering the same subject the more forcibly conspicuous, by being

to change the word *momentum*, falsely printed just above, into *velocity*: reading “the velocity with which the mind moves,” instead of “the momentum with which the mind moves.” We have, indeed, made the alteration, but we don't comprehend the sentence a jot the better; being perfectly strangers to the *motion* of mind. Pray, does its quality consist in its weight, multiplied simply into its velocity, or into the square of its velocity?

* Job, xxxviii, 4.

† Published in January, 1777.

placed

placed in different, though consistent, points of view. To select from a considerable miscellany of discourses, where there is little reason for preference, is so difficult a task, that it must necessarily perplex the choice: if the design, therefore, of simply arranging a competent number of such as treat of the principal objects of a Protestant-christian's faith and practice, be properly executed, the editor's design is answered. The *matter* of them will sufficiently speak for itself, as consisting of subjects of the highest importance both to the temporal and spiritual welfare of the reader; and, it is presumed, will not prove the less edifying to the well-disposed mind for being delivered without affectation of rhetorical ornament, in a manner becoming the *simplicity* of the *gospel*—the words of *truth* and *soberness*."

The editor hath here, in few words, characterized these discourses, which appear, indeed, to have been calculated rather for the instruction and edification of the seriously-disposed hearer, than to give lustre to the reputation of the preacher. The lovers of elegant phraseology and ornamented diction, will not be highly gratified, therefore, by the perusal of these sermons. The plain practical Christian, if not too rigidly orthodox on the one hand, or too philosophically rational on the other, will yet find his account in it. The *first* volume contains a series of doctrinal discourses on the principles of religion, natural and revealed, designed, as it is insinuated, by the author himself for the press. The *second* and *third* volumes consist of instructions on practical subjects, and illustrations of interesting texts: among which latter, we meet with many scriptural passages explained in a manner peculiar to this learned expositor. In the *fourth* volume we have a collection of discourses on Popery, mostly preached about the time of the last Scotch rebellion. As a recent act of parliament has made these, at the present juncture, particularly seasonable, we take the liberty of recommending their perusal to such of our Protestant readers, who may be in danger of being perverted to Popery: giving them, by way of specimen, this pious prelate's argument, respecting the Pope's supremacy; which the *loyalty* of our *English* Papists hath, it seems, politically given up; with what propriety or consistency, we leave others to determine. After having explained the true nature and unity of the Christian catholic church; of which he admits that of Rome, as well as that of England, to be a part, notwithstanding their great disagreement in doctrine and discipline, our preacher proceeds thus:

"But all this will not satisfy the church of Rome: it will allow no unity, but one of its own formation. Its advocates hold that

that the Pope is the *successor of St. Peter*, and that, in virtue of this, he is the *Vicar of Christ*; who, as they say, appointed St. Peter to be supreme over the church here on earth: so that the true unity of the church, according to them, consists in acknowledging the Pope's supremacy, and in being in communion and subjection to him, whom they call the *visible head of the church*, as Christ is the *invisible one*.

“ But this doctrine is built on two suppositions, neither of which has any foundation in scripture, from which only such claims can be derived; namely, that our Saviour gave to St. Peter a superiority over all the churches; and that this privilege, if he ever had any such, was derived down through all ages, to his successors, the Bishops of Rome.

If St. Peter then had no such grant made to him, it is plain that the Bishop of Rome's claim is invalid, for he pretends only to hold under St. Peter. I shall therefore examine only into the first of these suppositions, and shew you what is said from scripture for, and against, the supremacy of that Apostle.

“ In favour of it the church of Rome alleges these words of our Saviour, *Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church.*” But if we should allow that by this *rock or stone* is meant St. Peter's person, no more will be ascribed here to him, than what is elsewhere ascribed to all the Apostles: for St. Paul tells the Ephesians, that they were built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, *Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone*;† and, if he was the *chief corner stone*, it is implied in the expression that the Apostles were all of them *rocks or stones* laid for the foundation. This is agreeable to what St. John tells us in the Revelations, that the wall of the holy Jerusalem, which he saw descending out of Heaven, had twelve foundations, or foundation-stones, and on them were written the names of the twelve Apostles.‡ But the truth is, that by this *rock* is meant the confession, which St. Peter had just before made, namely, that *Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God*. As if our Saviour had said, *thou art Peter, and on this, thy confession of faith, which, in allusion to thy name, I call a rock, or rather a stone, [as the word may be translated] I build my church*: and agreeably to this promise here made by Christ, we find St. Paul declaring afterwards that the church was built upon it; for he says, that *other foundation can no man lay, than is laid; which is Jesus Christ*,|| or *Jesus the Christ*, namely, this doctrine that Jesus is the Christ; which was the very confession made by St. Peter, and to which the promise was given, that the church should be built upon it.

The church of Rome argues farther for St. Peter's supremacy from these words of our Saviour to him, *feed my sheep*. This Christ repeated to him three times, asking of him at the same time this question, *Lovest thou me?* which words grieved St. Peter, as the Evangelist acquaints us,§ and he took them to mean, what in truth

* Matt. xvi. 18.

† Eph. ii. 20.

‡ Rev. xxi. 14.

§ 1 Cor. iii. 11.

§ John xxi. 17.

they

they seem to mean, a doubt and distrust about his constancy towards his master. He had *denied* Jesus thrice, and he is made here to own thrice, that he *loved* him; and was charged as often to *feed* Christ's lambs and sheep. So far then was St. Peter from having any extraordinary power conveyed to him by the words *feed my sheep*, that they really are a reproach to him, and by being thrice repeated, they strongly imply that he was in danger of neglecting the sheep more than the other Apostles. But let the *feeding* of Christ's sheep signify as much privilege and authority as the church of Rome would have it; yet other Apostles had the same, other elders, who were inferior to the Apostles, and indeed every pastor in the christian church had the same. So at least St. Paul thought; for he tells the elders of the church at Ephesus, that the Holy Ghost had made them *overseers over the flock, to feed the church of God.** And should we allow that some extraordinary power was given to St. Peter by these words, yet they can never imply that all Christ's sheep were to be fed by him. St. Paul well knew the contrary, and therefore he says to the Galatians, that the *gospel of the uncircumcision was committed to him, as the gospel of the circumcision was to Peter: †* plainly teaching us, that St. Peter's province was confined to the *sheep of the house of Israel*; whereas all the heathen nations were *his* province, and therefore he was a more universal pastor than St. Peter; the *care of all the churches* was upon him, and he may be said to have been, if any man may be said to have been, the supreme head of the greater part of the churches; in the number of which were the *Romans*, to whom he wrote an epistle, and to whom (when present among them) he imparted spiritual gifts, to the end that they might be established. ‡

The third and last principal text, which the church of Rome cites for St. Peter's supremacy, is, *I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed in heaven. §* If the last part of this promise, which our Saviour here makes to St. Peter, be allowed to be explanatory of the former, as many suppose, then this power, whatever it was, is not given to him in exclusion of the rest of the Apostles; for our Saviour gives it to them all in these words, *Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven. ||* But if by the *keys of the kingdom of heaven* be meant, as I think it doth, a power of opening the door of the gospel to such as were ready to receive Christ's doctrine when preached to them, St. Peter had this power, and made use of it the first of all the Apostles, although the other Apostles made use of it afterwards, particularly *Paul and Barnabas*, whom we find reporting to the church of *Antioch*, that God had by them *opened the door of faith to the Gentiles. ¶* So that what power of the *keys of the kingdom of heaven* St. Peter had, they had also, and all others who did, what the metaphor of a *key* implies, open the door of the gospel to admit Jewish or Gentile converts."

* Acts xx. 28.

† Gal. ii. 7.

‡ Rom. i. 11.

§ Matt. xvi. 19.

|| Id. xviii. 18.

¶ Acts xiv. 27.

Having shewn that the above texts prove nothing in favour of any supremacy in St. Peter, our learned prelate goes on to shew what may be urged from scripture to the contrary.

“ Upon the occasion of a dispute, which arose more than once among the Apostles on this question, *Who should be the greatest?* our blessed Saviour absolutely condemned the dispute, not by declaring in favour of St. Peter, but by saying, that *the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion and authority, but it should not be so with them.** And in pursuance of this we find, that after our Lord’s ascension, *when the Apostles at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John.** They sent Peter, he was therefore certainly no superior of theirs; for, as our Saviour rightly reasons, *he that is sent, is not greater than he that sent him.†* Again, when some Jewish Christians at Antioch contended for the necessity of circumcising all the Gentile converts, Paul and Barnabas went up to Jerusalem, unto the Apostles and Elders about this question; not to Peter only, but to all of them; and there the matter was determined in a council, where, if any one presided, it was certainly St. James, who opened and closed the debate; so little did the college of Apostles know any thing of a supremacy in St. Peter.

“ On the other hand, St. Paul asserts in express words, that he was in nothing behind the very chiefest Apostles.§ And as he spoke, so he acted; for he tells the Galatians, that at Antioch he withstood Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed.|| This must have been very culpable in St. Paul, if he had been taught any thing of St. Peter’s pre-eminence over the rest of the Apostles, and very inconsistent with what, since his days, one of the Papal canons has decreed, viz. *Let a Pope be so bad, as by his negligence and mal-administration to carry with him innumerable people to hell, yet no mortal man whatever must presume here to reprove his faults, because he being to judge all men is himself to be judged of no man, except he be caught swerving from the faith.¶*

“ To conclude all, St. Peter himself, in no instance, pretends to this superiority in his epistles; but, on the contrary, he actually disclaims it; whereof he says, *The elders, which are among you, I exhort, who am also an elder,*** or, as the words may be more literally rendered, *who am a fellow-elder*; and, immediately after, the Apostle calls upon those elders to *feed the flock of God which was among them*, as Christ had commanded him to *feed his sheep*; but with this additional caution, that they should do it, *not as being lords over God’s heritage, but as being examples to the flock.††* He who puts himself upon such an equality with a common elder in the church of Christ, certainly disowns all superiority over his brethren the Apostles.

* Mat. xx. 25. † Acts viii. 14. ‡ John xiii. 16.

§ 2 Cor. xii. 11. || Gall. ii. 11.

¶ Si Papa pœ, &c. Gratian. dist. 40. c. 6.

** 1 Pet. v. 1.

†† 10. v. 2, 3.

From what has been said therefore, it plainly appears, that the supremacy ascribed to St. Peter has no warrant of scripture; on the contrary, all the proof lies *against* it; and therefore the unity of the church does not consist in any adherence to the Bishops of Rome, who claim to be his successors. The true unity of the church of Christ consists, as I said, in *holding* Christ alone for the *head*, and in having *one baptism, one hope, and one faith*, in all which all the Christian churches are agreed; only with regard to the *faith* they are divided upon some points less essential to Christianity, to which the church of Rome especially has added many articles of faith of a very dangerous and destructive kind, as shall be fully shewn hereafter."

But for the Bishop's remarks on these articles we must refer our readers to the volume itself. N.

Shenstone-Green; or the New Paradise Lost: being a History of Human Nature. In three Volumes. Written by the Proprietor of the Green. The Editor, Courtney Melmoth. 3 vol. small 8vo. 10s. 6d. Baldwin.

"Had I a fortune of eight or ten thousand pounds a year, I would build myself a neighbourhood." From this passage, in the writings of the late Mr. Shenstone, Mr. Courtney Melmoth, the editor, (on whom we will generously bestow the property of Shenstone-Green*) hath here taken occasion to

* We leave our readers to judge with what propriety from the proprietor's preface, which is as follows:

"I am sitting down to write a book for the use of all those projectors who build towns upon poetical principles. No man is better qualified, as far as experience goes, to set this matter in a proper light than myself, because I have wasted more brick, mortar, and money, than any other individual in Europe. Let him who hath seen, judge; and let him point out proprieties to others who hath bitterly felt his own folly. It is on this principle that I shall circumstantially relate certain pleasantries which cost me many years of my time, and many thousand pounds of my money.

"Not that this work will be generally useful; for, luckily, more of my readers erect houses for themselves than for others; and there is no danger of its ever becoming a *fashion* to ruin oneself by a good intention. Benevolence is in these days a tolerable economist—as prudent a lady as could be well desired in a family—and we have nothing to fear from the influence of excessive virtues. The nation will never be destroyed that way.

"Praise, therefore, to the discreet qualities of the age, my warning will be only for a few, and those chiefly a set of simpletons who work up their hearts to a warmth that mounts into the brain, and brings on the convulsion of sympathy. Such hath been my disorder.

"It is to you, ye gentle beings, whose bosoms are fraught with foreign woes; whose weeping eyes and milky tempers render you the slaves rather than the friends of virtue: to you I address the sentiments and adventures of a man who was ar-

to build a very pretty philosophical romance; in which he hath displayed no less knowledge of the foibles and frailties of the human mind, than of the perversities and absurdities of human life and manners. The nominal proprietor, however, of the village of Shenstone-Green, is one Sir Benjamin Beauchamp, who seems to be nearly a-kin to Benignus, in this editor's *Liberal Opinions*,† and tells his tale in much the same manner, as equally a novice in the knowledge of the heart and ignorant of the customs of the world. Not that the above resolution of Mr. Shenstone appears to have been the only foundation on which the present romantic superstructure was raised. The description of *Millenium-Hall*, a production well known to all English romance-readers, hath a share both in its plan and conduct: of which last-mentioned performance, Mr. Samuel Sarcastin, our Sir Benjamin's steward, pronounces the following criticism.

"I commence with observing, Sir, that books are *atrocious*. They are, in general, so much *above* or *below* life, that either way one can expect no truth. *Common-sense* is thought too dull, and all *other* sense is so useless, that, I should be glad to know, what can keep the presses in employment? Why, Sir, nothing but fancy, and folly, and *fine* sense, which, I assert once more, is *no* sense at all. This being my notion of books in general, you will judge what it is of romances in particular. Romances, Sir, I define to be of all atrocious things the *most* atrocious, because they describe matters that never were, and I hope to heaven, never *will* be. This being the case, it follows that very few books ought to be either printed or read; and of all books I set down that same *Millenium-Hall* as containing the greatest share of things impossible.

"Here I frowned.

"Frown as you will, Sir, it behoves me to say, (since my opinion is asked) I can prove *that* romance to be impracticable in its first setting out. Why, Sir, the first principle is *atrocious*. Do you think that Miss Mansell, and Miss Morgan, Lady M. Jones, Mrs. Selvyn, Mrs. Trentham, and all the other Lady Bountifuls, could live together in the same house without *lovers*, *husbands*, or *quarrels*? Sir, Sir, Sir, you must be exceedingly atrocious in the knowledge of women, not to know that this is altogether out of nature.

"I bit my lips.

rogant enough to suppose he could make human creatures live *for* rather than *upon* one another.

"Yes, I am the man who hath attempted this. The success or miscarriage of that attempt must be *your lesson*. As to the rest of the world, I desire heartily it may have *its laugh*."

"I shall have no objection to such ridicule. The labourer is worthy of his hire."

† A work of which we gave an account in the first volume of the London Review.

"That

"That may be, Sir, (replied Samuel, sticking to his point) but I am sure mistakes would every day, not to say, every *hour*, happen, to set this *Attic school*, as you call it, in an uproar. I remember very well the pretty postures in which they are described *sitting in the book*; but bring them out of that book into real life, and I would engage for an alteration. If you, Sir, knew the sex when *shut up together* under the same roof, you would be surprised at the impudence of a fellow who would tell you of their living in harmony for such a number of years. No, no; times and seasons would come about, if you were *with* them, when Mrs. Maynard would throw her orrery at Mrs. Selwyn, who, like a true woman, would throw her book at Mrs. Maynard, Mrs. Mansell, notwithstanding her being the finest form, and albeit, had beautiful brown hair, would toss her Madona at Mrs. Trentham's carved figure, and away, I warrant you, would go that same carved work to knock off the beautiful brown-haired Mrs. Mansell's Madona.

"Pr'ythee, dear Sir, if you mean that your new town should last till the bricks are cemented, do not put half a dozen ladies of spirit in any part of it together. He paused, and then went on.

"They may do very well, Sir, in a romance, (like your *Milkenium-Hall*) but to introduce them upon *Shenstone-Green* would put all Wales in confusion. No, no, we will build better than that too. Our village shall be of another-guests construction.—No Maynards and Mansells."

The sage reflections, however, of the critic Samuel, had as little effect on the author Sir Benjamin, as have the sage reflection of other critics on other authors. The project goes forward, for a projector is never wanting where a proprietor is at once as liberal and as wealthy as imagination can make him. A village, of course, is raised, amply furnished with all the conveniences of life, and stocked with inhabitants, on each of whom is severally settled two hundred pounds *per annum*, with full liberty to subsist on and dispose of it at pleasure. In its unpeopled situation, it is thus described, by Matilda, Sir Benjamin's daughter, in a letter to a female acquaintance, whom she invites to reside in it.

"To Miss Eliza Elliot."

"Well, dear Eliza, the last polishes are now giving to the *Green*: I am just come from a first view, and from walking round the enchanting circuit. The soul of *Shenstone* and of Sir Benjamin shine through every part. I was in this very spot about two summers ago, and remember it was impassible by means of weeds and nettles. It is now furnished with buildings, and blooming with flowers. The great beauty of the place, *simply* considered, is sufficient to gratify the most delicate taste; but, when one adds thereto the generous purposes for which that beauty has been preparing, and considers it is designed to be a paradise for distressed virtue in every form; for merit superciliously overlooked; and for genius which is spurned

by ignorance; its value rises so on the imagination, that one is perfectly dazzled. I am sure I am so in the greatest degree. The idea is so delicious, so peculiar, so uncommon. There is nothing now wanting but the furniture. I do not mean chairs, glasses, tables, for those will be here in a few days, and are already ordered; but that *nobler* furniture of honest minds and generous hearts, made respectable by calamity, and sacred from their misfortunes. Amongst these, my dear Elliot is invited as a valuable guest. She is invited to enjoy the independence and serenity which she hath a right to claim, and which has so long been her due. I have already, my dear, selected for you a house; it is embosomed by lilies and roses that almost emulate your own complexion. It is in that quarter which lies nearest to the wood, and will, therefore, be less liable to the cold air, and make it more agreeable for walking. Here my Elliot shall forget to sigh; or, if that cannot be, her sighs shall be buried in the bosom of a friend. Do not fear that any wrong curiosity shall be set to work to extort from you that profound secret which you so firmly resolve to conceal. It will not be a maxim at *Shenstone-Green* to oblige with one hand and violate with the other. It is to be a sanctuary where innocence neglected, and worth abused, is to find absolute *independence*. Come then, my dear, come in the full security of being as private as you can wish. To share your anxiety, it is only necessary to see it. To explore the cause too critically, where it is purposely veiled from the view, would be ungenerous. Fear nothing, therefore, but hasten to Sir Benjamin, and to

Your most affectionate friend,

Shenstone-Green.

Matilda Beauchamp."

Eligible, however, as may be supposed so gratuitous an asylum, *Shenstone-Green* is not peopled without a good deal of trouble; nor is this to be wondered at, if we reflect that it was not built without some difficulty, and at the hazard of the proprietor's being thought a little *non-compos* for his enthusiastic spirit of generosity. The first set of claimants were the country workmen who built it, and the second set, the proprietor's London friends, of whom he requested the recommendation of proper objects. At length, however, it is peopled, and its history, which is a very entertaining one, commences. It will be impossible for us to give our readers, even in abstract, an idea of the whole narrative; we shall, therefore, extract the first chapter, as a specimen of the rest.

"In process of a little time, the inhabitants of *Shenstone-Green* began to be weary of looking on the same objects. They had examined the woods, the walks, the fields, and the flowers, till all these became tiresome. The praise of their patron, Sir Benjamin, indeed, was still echoed from lip to lip, but somewhat more faintly than at first. At length, they found so few charms in vegetable nature and still life, that they cast about for new sources of entertainment. The first symptom

symptom of inquietude which I perceived, was by means of the following letter that was put into my hands by the steward, to whom it was directed at the lodge.

"To Mr. Samuel Sarcafm, at Steward's Lodge, on Shenstone Green.

"Mr. Samuel Sarcafm,

"We, the four under-written gentlemen, beg of you to represent the following sentiments to our worthy patron; namely, to tell him, that we have all our lives been remarkably fond of the sports of the field, and the glories of the chase; and, although we were once *beat hollow*, yet, by a new mangement, are sure of our *fides* for the time to come. What we would, therefore, propose, is, to introduce a little snug stud of running-horses, rather for the occasional amusement of the company, than for any more lucrative view. We find, upon examination, that the turf of *Shenstone-Green* is remarkably fine for the horses' feet; and, upon measuring the whole circle within the houses, it appears, that it would make a pretty mile and a half heat. With leave then of our patron (against whose consent we would by no means set up even this most manly exercise) we propose fixing up a starting-post, a booth, &c. upon the *Green*, and to have our monthly matches. This will be attended, Mr. Sarcafm, with no charge to Sir Benjamin, unless he chooses to encourage the institution so far as to give his purse of twenty guineas, more or less, to be run for by four-year olds; which might be a bounty-money in the capacity of patron of the course. With regard to horses, we flatter ourselves, that few men in Europe have bred better blooded things; and if we have been usually *distanced*, it hath always been on account of bad jockeyship, and not for wanting skill in horse-flesh. We do not doubt bringing as fine a show of cattle in a few weeks, as ever were seen; and as to the times of running, &c. we will consider about that. Meantime, are

Mr. Samuel Sarcafm's

humble servants,

Alexander Spur.

Simon Slapdash.

Christopher Cutcord.

William Whipwell.

"This proposal was instantly laid before Mr. Seabrooke, who set up a long whistle, and said, he had a great mind to laugh at human nature.

"For my part, Sir, said the steward, I think one has more reason to cry at human nature than to laugh, for I never yet found her four and twenty hours in the same mind in my life.

"But what is to be done, my dear Seabrooke? said I—what is to be done?

"*Whew*—cried this singular man, catching up his hat and stick, and walking off—*Whew*.

"Lord, papa, said Matilda, I cannot see any harm in the gentlemen's amusing themselves with a few horses; besides which, it will be so charming to have *Shenstone-Green Races*. It will be such an amusement for all the ladies and gentlemen, who may see the whole

whole course from beginning to end. Then it will bring such a world of good company. Who will not go to *Shenstone-Green Races*? Oh, heavens! I like the idea of all things. Pray, papa, say yes. Let us have a race by all manner of means.

"Well, well, my dear, said I, go and join Mr. Seabrooke (who, I perceive, is whistling away in the court) and I shall consider of it; When I had the steward alone, I shut the door, and seizing him by the hand, spoke thus:

"My old friend, I do not well know why, but I tremble upon this subject. These four gentlemen are, I fear, going to introduce upon us a dangerous entertainment. Pray what are the particular circumstances; that is, how are they situated?

"On my private pensioners-list, Sir, they cut rather a queer figure of four. Let me see—I have the catalogue about me, I think—Aye; here they are. They come under the letter J—jockies—jockies, where are you—Oh, here we have them.

"Spur—*Alexander*. Beat out of Newmarket eight times—a good-natured-man, very honest; but, a lover of the sport.

"Slap-dash—*Simon*. A good son and a tender husband (while horses are kept out of his sight) would merit the pension, if he were not to meet on the *Green* any gentlemen sportsmen.

"Cutcord—*Christopher*. Thought to be as knowing a one as ever was—taken in. In other respects, a harmless gentleman. Is said to be the best shot, also, in England. Made a point of shoeing his own horses, and always rode himself.

"Whipwell—*William*. Is so broken to the bit, that when he had ruined himself, and, literally, run himself into jail, he had the bridle and saddle of his bay colt, Zephyr, imprisoned to keep him company. Otherwise, just, generous, and even moral.

"Oh, Samuel! Samuel! said I, at the bottom of this account, what is to be done?

"It does not admit of a question, Sir—I wish it did.

"What do you mean, Samuel?

"I mean, Sir, that if you think proper to set beggars on horse-back, they will ride to the devil. I know, an't please your honour, both man and beast.

"But the peril of this project, Samuel?

"We have only to guard against the effects, Sir. You had better submit, with a good grace, to what you have no power to prevent."

"But one might expostulate, Samuel, in a tender manner, obliquely, delicately, like a friend.

"What, Sir, expostulate with four young fellows, whose blood is now galloping through every vein of their bodies, and newly put into possession of two hundred pounds a year for life!—Sir, it would be atrocious.

"I would not wish any coercive power to remain with me; but, surely, Samuel, if I were to submit my apprehension of consequences to their judgments.

"The

"The judgment of a set of jockies, Sir—your honour makes me smile.

"Well, then, Samuel, you shall carry them my answer to-morrow."

The introduction of horse-races led the way to the introduction of cock-fighting, to a play-house, a pantheon, a concert-room, a masquerade, and a disputing-club, which last, is said to have brought on the downfall of Shenstone-Green. The proprietor in vain protested against its disputations.

"I argued upon the score of its involving us in religious dissensions, the fatal effects of which I pathetically pointed out. In reply to this, they insisted it was curtailing a generous liberty, and inflicting upon them a scandalous servitude, which implied a desire to tyrannize: and how, said they, can Sir Benjamin Beauchamp pretend to forbid those establishments taking place in a free village, which have always flourished in all large and polished cities. To THINK, they said, characterized men much less than to give *language* to thought. Speech was, in their opinion, the cardinal distinction of humanity, and if *Shenstone-Green* was not, above all other villages or towns upon earth, the properest for fair and full debate, they did not conceive rightly the idea of the liberty of Sir Benjamin's subject.

"In proportion as I resisted, the philosophers preached up with vehemence the tolerating spirit, and when my consent was by no means to be gained to the contrivance of the Systematic Academy, the members publickly told me, that I had no power to repeal an act I had voluntarily made; and that as I had no right to tax the human understanding, they should proceed in the investigation of truth, though to get at her temple it might be necessary to shake the very roof of the Academy with the solid powers of metaphysical argument.

"Thus, obliged to give up the point, the meetings became so frequent that the folly spread itself about till it fairly begirt my unfortunate village like a surrounding pestilence. In a little time all sorts of religionists, sects, and system-mongers crept into a community sufficiently divided before. Parties were formed and sustained with an animosity which denoted the most inveterate prejudice and hatred of each other: some combated for the Epicurean, some for the Platonick system; and it was no uncommon thing to see a number of my people gathered together to observe fair fighting, with tongue and fist, betwixt a Stoick and a Sceptick, a Materialist and a Roman Catholick, a Bramin and a Spinofian. The infection presently ran to Tradefmen's-Corner, and my mechanicks first hurried their work, and then fairly left it, to get to the Academy. Many of them, who had weak heads and strong lungs, were exalted, by force of such accomplishments, from hearers to speakers; and by such means, those who were formerly honest men, and industrious traders—who were, perhaps, raised from the hard fall of unavoidable bankruptcy, or set up newly in the shops I had provided—

turned

turned out blind enthusiasts, or absurd religionists, each of whom had just knowledge as well as just religion enough to make them enemies, but not enough to make them friends.

"In short, *Shenstone-Green* was now in an uproar both from civil and religious misfortunes. It was miserably divided against itself, and you may be sure, reader, the total subversion of my little empire was not far off.

"The New Paradise was fairly Lost.——"

"The moral to be adduced from * this work," says the editor "is, clearly, to prove the absolute chimera of forming any society which is to associate any number of people to enjoy one man's benefaction under the eye of the benefactor. It is impossible to introduce restricting regulations amongst men who expect that a favour should be as delicate as it is generous; so that no such societies can exist without being thrown into disorder.

"The benefactor may, indeed, make restrictions, but he is, upon the *Shenstonian* principle, in too nice a situation to enforce their practice; thus his lenity will produce evils which he cannot punish; and his severity and indulgence are equally dangerous.

"It therefore follows, that good order amongst men can be expected only under the check of governments, where wealth and preferment depend on the industry and care of every single individual; where the interest of one is deeply involved in that of another; where hope, fear, desire, and gratification, and all the chain of tumultuous and gentle passions are excited by due degrees; so that any excess in either is not with impunity to infringe the rights of a neighbour; where few are *overladen with obligation*, but every man struggles for a little, so that obligations are pretty equally given and bestowed; and where, in fine, there is a regular code of laws, which pervades the empire, and provides equally reward and punishment to guard the privileges of one man from the violations of another."

N.

The Law of Lombardy, a Tragedy, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, written by Robert Johnson, Esq. author of Braganza. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Evans.

In the prologue to this piece, the author pathetically laments the situation of modern play-wrights, not only in that the historians and poets, from whom their predecessors took their fables, are already ransacked and despoiled; but that the present writers are confined to greater probability of

* We print these words in Italics to point out one, among a number of similar inaccuracies and improprieties of language to be found in this, as well as most of this ingenious writer's former productions. *Serfitive* souls, says he, in another place, for *susceptible* souls. This incorrectness is inexcusable in a writer of reputation and genius,

fact,

fact, and to the observance of those dramatic unities in the construction of their dramas, from which Shakespeare and other old bards were exempted.

"Hard is the task, in modern days to choose,

Congential subjects for the tragic muse:

The historian's page, the fertile epic store,

Were known, and ransack'd centuries before:

Like luscious gardens, unenclos'd they lay,

To ev'ry faunt'ring bard an easy prey.

They enter'd, and, as taste impell'd, they fed

On Homer some, and some on Hollingshead.

From loftiest numbers, or from humblest prose,

As each conspir'd, the artless structures rose.

Thus one great labour of their work was o'er,

They found a fable, and they sought no more.

Careless were they of action, place, or time,

Whose only toil was dialogue and rhyme.

"Rules which the rigid Stagyrite devis'd,

"Our fathers knew not, or, if known, despis'd.

Whilst side by side, were mingled in the scene,

A laughing rustic, and a weeping queen.

Space was obedient to the boundless piece,

That op'd in Mexico, and clos'd in Greece.

Then thick with plots the crowded tale was sown,

'Till the divided bosom felt for none;

"They fear'd no censures of a frowning pit,

"That judg'd as loosely as the authors writ."

But we, who posted in time's tardy rear,

Before a learn'd tribunal now appear;

With anxious art a fable must design,

Where probability, and interest join:

Where time, and place, and action, all agree

To violate no sacred unity.

And thus each candid critic must confess

The labour greater, and indulgence less;

When such the task, the wonder is to meet,

Not many pieces bad, but one complete.

Nor let presumptuous poets fondly claim

From rules exemption, by great Shakespeare's name;

Though comets move with wild excentric force,

Yet humbler planets keep their staid course."

From this exordium one would imagine our bard had taken a world of pains to furnish some novelty of story, and to preserve a greater portion of interest and probability than are usually met with in modern plays. This, however, does not appear to have been the case; the fable, such as it is, appearing to be taken from an episode in the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, which is interwoven also in the plot of Shakespeare's

speare's *Much ado about Nothing*, or from one of Metastasio's operas. It is as little *interesting* also as it is *probable*, the principal circumstances being too romantic and dissimilar to modern customs and manners to engage the attention and affect the passions of the audience. We should dismiss this performance, therefore, as undeserving farther notice, were we not called upon, in a very singular manner, to do it greater justice than we did the tragedy of *Braganza*, written by the same author. It would have been with greater propriety if the insinuation, of our having done injustice to *Braganza*, had been made us at the time of our reviewing that play; as the public were then highly captivated with its supposed merit. At present, we believe, most people think of it as we *then* spoke of it; the intoxication of its temporary applause, therefore, should have been long since dissipated both with the author and its friends. Instead of doing *Braganza* barely justice, we shewed it favour and gave it greater commendation, considered as a first production, than it otherwise could have claimed. We did, indeed, say, that "amidst the splendour of diction, the young author in soaring to the sublime, often falls into the absurd or sinks into the bombast; and in aspiring at striking expedients and interesting situations, sometimes stumbles into the improbable." In support of this assertion we brought examples from the piece itself, and are very sorry to find so many corroborating proofs of it, might be also brought from the piece before us. To say nothing of the improbability of a fable, founded on customs so very different from those of the present times; what idea of probability can a dramatist have, who, in the conduct of his play, makes an apparently humane and conscientious peasant take charge of the dead body of a lady, at the instance of a stranger to all appearance her murderer? Is it not still less probable, also, that a person, in search of the stranger, should come to the spot, while this same peasant is mourning over the dead corpse, that he should interrupt his lamentations, ask him questions about the same stranger sought, and at last depart without seeing the deceased? Of probabilities, however, different persons may think differently; of style and sentiment there should be a more established criterion. And yet we have before us a printed criticism on this play, in which it is said, "the language of this tragedy is every where correct, frequently beautiful, and sometimes laboured." That it is sometimes *laboured* enough we admit; if we may judge by the labour the reader must be at to comprehend it. But we never heard before the appearance of labour,

hour in such a case accounted a merit. *Artis est celare artem*. The truth is, that, if we except the last new tragedy, *Buthred*, we do not recollect a performance, the language of which is so loose and incorrect, so destitute at once of grammatical propriety and poetical beauty. Poor as the sentiment frequently is, it is often so badly expressed as to be unintelligible: the attempt at dignity of expression by the transposition of words, is also, in general, so very unidiomatical and unpoetical, as to turn even bombast into burlesque. What, for instance, will the learned * *tribunal*, to whose suffrage our author professedly submits, think of the following passage, in which Bireno censures the duplicity of women?

“ Well! go thy ways, woman’s epitome!
Beauteous ænigma! Who would solve you rightly,
Must thus interpret: make your outward semblance
An index pointing to its contrary.
When your smooth polish’d vizors beam in smiles,
Displeasure’s at your hearts; the moody brow
Tells inward sun-shine; tears are joy, not sorrow;
You sooth where you approve not, and look gall,
When sweet content honies your appetites.”

There’s for you, my *sweet honies*, an ænigma almost equal to the beauteous subject of it!—Of the poverty of this writer’s diction, let a single instance suffice.

“ I’d rather waste my life in *singleness*,”
meaning *celibacy*, or that she would live single. Of such a barrenness of expression we remember to have met with but one instance, and that was from the mouth of a methodist preacher, who, in a funeral sermon on a deceased sister saint, concluded his panegyric on her piety, by saying, she had lived a life of *Christ-jesus-ness*. But we will stop here, and, for once, refuse to do an author *justice*. E.

A Physical Inquiry into the Cause of Animal Heat, ; with incidental Observations on several Physiological and Chymical Questions, connected with the Subject. By P. Dugud Leslie, M. D.
8vo. 5s. Crowder.

We have here a very sensible and ingenious investigation of a very curious subject; which, having engaged the atten-

* This *learned* is an epithet applied a little unluckily to a play-house auditory; we believe pit, box, and gallery never were known so happily ignorant as in the present age.

tion, and employed the sagacity, of a number of philosophical enquirers of reputation, demands of us a peculiar attention. As we have not room or time, however, to go through the whole of our author's inquiry, we shall confine ourselves, at present, to his introduction, and the general outlines of his argument.

"The absurd debates," says Dr. Leflie, "and abstruse speculations of the schools are now no more, and researches into nature are become the business, or the amusement, of the learned and ingenious. The philosophical romances too, for so the systems of many philosophers may be called, are no longer relished by the public; and the lovers of science disdain theories unsupported by facts."

We most sincerely wish these declarations were true; but, unhappily for genuine philosophy, unsupported theories and chimerical speculations still too powerfully prevail in physical science. Perhaps, also, the subsistence of these theories, and the slow progress of real knowledge, may be partly owing to the extensive views of the speculators. And yet they, who cultivate particular branches of philosophy, should always reflect that the theory, which holds good only in part, and is inapplicable to the whole, cannot belong, even as a part, to the whole system. Nature is uniform in her operations; and, though different sciences take with propriety different departments in the developement of natural phenomena; the several systems of those sciences are not contrary to, or inconsistent with, each other. It would be absurd to expect a *mechanical* explication of the *modus operandi* of chemical elements, or of the vibrations of the nerves or muscular motion of the animal or even vegetable systems.

But are we, therefore, to infer that those vibrations and that motion are *immechanical*, and the result of different principles? If the enterprizing geniuses, who have grasped at universality of explication, have failed in explaining *all* the operations of nature, by the principles of any one science, it is no wonder. Even in the mathematics, whose elements are clear and precise, because *purely ideal*, there are certain *postulata* or first principles, which must be taken for granted, and are too simple to be farther explicable. Is it to be wondered at then, that in chemistry and in vegetable and animal physiology, whose elements are dark and obscure, because *partly perceptible*, there should be like *data* or assumed principles, which it is equally necessary in such sciences to take for granted? It, by no means, however, follows from this, that the attractions and repulsions, the sympathies and antipathies, the desire or disgust, which are of necessity

sity elementary in the mineral, vegetable, and animal world, are not perfectly consistent with, and the result of, complicated effects of the collisions and percussions of the mechanical elements of matter and motion in the physical world in general. We agree with our author, in the censure he passes on those chymists and physicians, who rashly imputed an *universality of exposition to mechanics*, to which neither that nor any other science can lay claim.

"The chymists," says he, "when they extended their views, and contemplated universal nature, discovered that they had gone too far; and that the Hermetick art, how unbounded soever in its energies and principles, is inadequate to the explaining of many of the functions peculiar to the animal economy. This discovery we owe to the physicians of the last century; and their conduct gives us reason to deplore the weakness of the human mind, which can rarely avoid one error, without running into another. No sooner had they perceived that all the functions of the animal body could not be expounded on chymical principles alone, than they rashly attributed that universality to the mechanical system, of which the chymical was deprived.

"Considerable progress had been made in the study of mechanics, and those who devoted their time to it, found daily new motives to convince them, that, on mechanical principles, many of the arcana of nature might be resolved. Medicine in particular derived no small advantages from having these principles applied to it; and reasonings on them, achieved the ruin of the doctrine of Galen, which chymists had so happily begun. From the same source descended a more enlarged spirit of observation, and greater clearness and precision in medicinal ratiocinations; but physicians soon became intoxicated with the conceit, that all the phenomena of the animal economy were explicable on mechanical principles, and in consequence of it, wrested every fact, how dissonant soever, to a conformity with that motion."

In this the physicians were certainly wrong; but, we say again, it does not follow, because a phenomenon is not at present explicable to us, on the known principles of mechanical science, that it is not the result of the real though inexplicable combination of mechanical powers. Our author concludes indeed, that,

"The animal body however admits not the solution of all its phenomena on any particular set of principles: Various changes are evidently induced in its fluids by chymical and mechanical causes, but it is not less certain, that many functions peculiar to life are regulated by laws steady and uniform in their operation, which are not dependent on any principles of mechanics, or chymistry, hitherto acknowledged."

In this, we say, we conceive this writer is mistaken; and that all the phenomena of the animal economy, as well as every other phenomenon in nature, are the necessary result

sult of, and of course dependent on, the principles of mechanism, hitherto acknowledged. Not indeed, if by *hitherto acknowledged*, be meant their *known modes of particular operation* in the production of such phenomena. We by no means wish to deprive our author of his *phlogiston*, or any other chymical principle, by which he would account for animal heat; but we affirm such principles to be merely combinations or systems of matter and motion, acting mechanically as all other causes productive of natural phenomena of every kind do. We admit that,

“Whoever hopes to acquire an accurate knowledge of the operations of nature, must be contented to proceed by a cautious and painful analysis; for, as well might we pretend to build without materials, as to form, without observation and experiment, a rational system of natural science.

“The ancients,” continues he, “paid little attention to experimental philosophy, but devoted themselves, with a truly philosophical ardour, to the observation of the phenomena of nature; and that process was consonant to sound reason, for experiment is only properly called in, to fill up those chasms, which simple observation necessarily leaves.”

We do not rightly comprehend the distinction which our author makes here between *experimental philosophy* and the *observation of the phenomena of nature*. We always looked upon such expressions as meaning one and the same thing. But *experiment*, it seems, is something more than *simple observation*; the occupation of our modern experiment-mongers, is indeed by much too *artificial*, and very ill calculated to arrive at the *simplicity* of nature. As the skeleton, the toad, and the stuffed skin of a crocodile set up a mountebank, so an air-pump, and an electrical whirlingig set up a modern philosopher. Their apparatus, however, does not qualify them to make observations on nature with the truly philosophical ardour or judgment of many of the ancients. As a library of books does not necessarily make a man a scholar; so genius and good sense are as necessary to form the man of science as the man of letters; in both cases, to use the words of the poet, *sapere principium est et fons*. But we must here dismiss Dr. Leslie for the present, reserving our remarks on his work itself till our next publication.

K.

Recountation; or, a second Letter to the Worshipful the Dean of Guild, and the Merchants and Manufacturers of the City of Glasgow;

Glasgow: Being a compleat Refutation of every thing that has been advanced, or can hereafter be offered in favour of the Irish Bills, and exhibiting the ruinous Consequences which their passing into Laws would infallibly produce. 8vo. 1s. Fielding and Walker.

An ironical remonstrance in favour of the Scotch commercial interests, opposed to those of the Irish. The following extract will give the *English* reader an idea of its humour and tendency.

“ A precipitation from a state of splendor, honour, and power, is to the mind as much more grievous than a fall from a low to a lower station, as a tumble from a hedge is exceeded in danger by a plunge from the top of a watch tower. A person in the lowest possible situation cannot fall. Is it not therefore an act of charity to keep him from climbing ?

“ I do not beg the question, whilst I insist that we exercise no contemptible act of charity, when we forego our pleasures or enjoyments for the advantage of another. With what glee can we in this case hurl a shaft drawn from his own quiver, at the most interesting persuasive periods of our specious opponent. In the 14th Sect. of his *Sublime and Beautiful*, he says, ‘ I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.’ We may urge, exclusive of the consideration that we are not bound to yield up any degree of the delight which springs from a contemplation of the miseries of *Ireland*, that it is a notable instance of forbearance and charity that we do not add to her miseries and oppression (which we may certainly do with the same justice that warrants a continuation of them) in order to add to the degrees of our delight.

“ The evils which would ensue from what our opponent denominates a full or liberal participation of trade discover themselves to my view almost too rapidly for description. Should the exports of the *Irish* merchants ever reach foreign markets, or become in any material degree more important than their DUNGARVAN cargoes of fruit and timber,* they would be in danger of becoming rich and prosperous: which Heaven forbid! How prone, alas, is human nature to be buoyed up by those concomitants of commerce, prosperity, riches, and power! To be swollen with the poison of arrogance and pride! An apposite example from a sacred book offers itself, and I will not reject it. Though out of compliment to you, I chuse to give it in the old Scotch translation :

Ananias waxed fat,
And doon his paunches hung,
And at the Lord of Israël
He farted and he slung.

* Birch brooms and potatoes—which, when the people from that port are hailed to name their lading, whether humourously or vainly I know not, they call fruit and timber.

It has been said that the reality of the apprehension is established by your demeanour in all its plenitude: but what of that! To inveigh against you on that account would be as unjust as to blame the care of a provident father, who denies his boy the possession of a guinea, that he may not put it his power to rush upon those pernicious pleasures, which perhaps he does not deny he himself was once to his sorrow conversant with.

"And here let me do justice to the superior wisdom and more enlightened principles which must have prevailed in *your* councils and *your* resolutions. *Bristol, Manchester, Liverpool, and Lancaster* were content (and that was doing a good deal too) to request that the proposed favours might not be held forth. You went a step further, and left not imagination any power to add to the terms of your parliamentary petition; for, actuated by the provident, manly, christian considerations above mentioned, you demanded that the *legislature* would not only reject the applications then made in favour of the *Irish*, but would prevent such being at any time hereafter renewed.

"Thus it is made evident how greatly the interest of the *Irish* merchants would be promoted by being *effectually* opposed. The country might become rich and powerful, and the people self-conceited and desirous of dominion.—Nay, it has been thought by some, who cannot be supposed ignorant of their present condition, that the inhabitants, though now so little removed from a state of barbarism, would actually in time arrive at ancient Asiatic luxury. * Horrible thought!

"By the union, that mathematical and arbitrary line which divided the two kingdoms, was for ever obliterated, and that coalition was completed, which the continuity of the soil pointed out to the two nations. *Great Britain* is the home of every *Englishman* and *Scotchman*; and let our charity begin where it ought—at home. So long as there shall remain one spot of ground uncultivated, one advantage unimproved, one benefit unconferred, one wish unsatisfied in *Scotland*, so long ought we to withhold our charity from gadding abroad; and when we are all become sufficiently opulent, the dogs may be allowed their crumbs."

The Remembrance of former Days. A Sermon, preached at Broad-Mead, Bristol, November 5, 1778. By Caleb Evans, M. A. Published at the Request of those that heard it. To which is prefixed, a Letter to the Author, wrote, as is supposed,

* Here I am at a loss to comprehend the *libel* of such an event, unless indeed the writer means the luxury and effeminacy described by *Xenophon* in his last book of his *ΚΥΡΟΥ ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑΣ*, where he says *Ἀλλ' οὐ καὶ ἐν τῷ χειρὶ μόνον περιαν καὶ σάμα καὶ ποδας ἀκεῖ αὐτοῖς ἐκκεκασθαι, ἀλλὰ καὶ περὶ ἀκραις ταῖς χερσὶ χιτῶνας δασύας καὶ δακτυλίδας ἐκένει*. In plain English, they in winter not only put on hats, coats, stockings and shoes, but even made use of gloves.

P. N.

by a *Romish Priest*, on the Publication of the first Edition; together with some Remarks upon it. 12mo. 6d. Buckland.

The discourse here offered to the public, says Mr. Evans, "has nothing to recommend it, but the honesty of its intention, which may serve, it is hoped, in some measure, to cover those many defects, which by the critical reader will most probably be discovered in so very hasty a composition." We cannot by any means encourage this hope in Mr. Evans. A very honest man may be very wrongheaded; and there are few men who do not stumble, when they set out too hastily. The raking into the ashes, and stirring up the sleeping embers of religious persecution, is a task too serious and important to be undertaken hastily. We look upon it, that even the great council of the nation hath, in this circumstance, acted rather too hastily, in bringing up the remembrance of former days: the horrid annals of which would have better lain still buried in oblivion. But, as the case now stands, the true friends to religion and humanity should, in our opinion, preach up moderation, and recommend the looking forward to future days, rather than a retrospect to former days. And yet we cannot help subscribing to the truth of the sentiments contained in the following extract from a letter, which Mr. E. hath prefixed to his sermon, and which, if we mistake not, has been printed in the newspapers.

"But '*Popery is not what it was—it seems—it is time we should conquer prejudice.*'—Let me entreat of these unprejudiced advocates for the encouragement of Popery, to inform me, IN WHICH of their tenets have they ceased to have faith? We suffer no injury from their tenets—Why?—Because, as yet, the FANGS of Popery are muffled. Give it liberty to sharpen, and expand them—and then let us give our judgment of their gripe.

"Popery is the religion of France—and yet we hear of no cruelties in consequence of its being in power.*" True—but in France, there is no danger of the Protestants gaining the ascendant. They bear no proportion to the Papists—of course can excite no jealousy. In England, though Popery were to get into power, there would still remain a body of Protestants, which would keep the priesthood in perpetual uneasiness—and subject the Protestants to every cruelty and tyranny they could devise—conscious how much their tenets are abhorred, and how desirous the Protestants must ever be to shake off their yoke.

* But did we not hear of dreadful cruelties there in the reign of *Lewis XIV.* and *Lewis XV.*? And though, from political motives, these cruelties are restrained for the present, yet the state of Protestants in France, it is well known, is even now, exceedingly abject and humiliating; nor have they the least security against the renewal of those cruelties which are so recent in their memories.

The creed of every individual would be scrutinized—and Smithfield soon re-ignite its fires. Popery is—and must remain—the same—until its execrable tenets are reprobated. Are there not still inquisitions in Spain and Portugal?—And shall we not admit the wretches from their dungeons to give evidence?—I object to no man's creed, *provided it be not dangerous to my life, property, and liberty*—but when he holds principles that endanger my safety, *If I am not an idiot, I should do my utmost to bind his hands.*

“But these fears are vain—for have not parliament provided, that no man shall teach, or preach, till he hath taken the oath of allegiance—and sworn that the Pope has no power to absolve him from that oath?”—And must not every thinking Papist, who takes this oath, laugh at our folly, whilst he is swallowing it?—The Papists, Sir, treat us like children, as we deserve. To deny the Pope's supremacy, to deny the Pope's infallibility—is in fact, Sir, to deny POPERY! Their taking such an oath, demonstrates how lightly they view the obligation.—The Pope has given the English Papists *I ave to deny his authority*—and the people of England are quite satisfied with the imposition! Let them be told, Sir, that no man is a Papist, who thinks the Pope cannot absolve him from any oath. There may be—and I believe are—many popish gentlemen, whose honour would get the better of their religion—but particular exceptions affect not my argument. *Before a man can be a Papist, he must give up his reasoning faculties.* And all the world knows, that to be a Papist, the priest must have the sole direction of his conscience. He demands implicit obedience—and to question his authority and power to absolve from all crimes—is no less than to question the truth of the very religion, which the Papist professes. I lately heard an Irish Earl relate the following anecdote of his grandfather. As an insurrection of the Papists was then expected in Ireland, the Earl's grandfather, conversing familiarly with one of his popish tenants (a good kind of man whom he had favoured) told him that he was sure that he would not have any hand in murdering him, should the Papists prevail. ‘No,’ said the farmer, ‘I never would hurt your Lordship.’—‘But,’ said the Peer, ‘suppose the priest should tell you that it is the Pope's order—and that it is for the good of the church!’—‘Oh, then,’ said the poor Papist, ‘your Lordship knows I could not disobey the Pope.’

“Yet, for argument's sake, even if we were to grant that every Papist who has, or may take this same oath, will so far forget his religion as to disobey the Pope, though he should command him to break it—What then?—Is want of allegiance to the King, all that we have to apprehend, or that we should wish to guard against! Is nothing to be dreaded from their known enmity to our religion—laws—liberty? Will it be of no bad consequence to this country, if England should become the abode of all those Jesuits, whom even Roman Catholic kingdoms have thought it prudent to banish?—Are we to be indifferent, if attended by crowds of monks, &c. they disperse themselves in every county—and OPENING CHAPELS AND SCHOOLS, seduce our youth from Protestantism, and instil in its place, the pernicious tenets of Rome?”

Rome?—If we are to take no steps to ward off this impending evil—with all my heart—let Popery flourish—*it will in twenty years be the religion of England.* It is the fashion to think it an harmless religion—and *fashion* is every thing!—Opposition, as well as ministry—approve the ‘*principle*’ on which Popery is to be encouraged. We have hitherto been in a vulgar error. We have been simple enough to believe history—but now find, that whoever would not be firm under the dominion of ‘*prejudice*,’ must take for granted, that every page in it is false. Bloody Queen Mary was a saint—the massacre of Paris and Ireland—a fiction. Arbitrary power is a mere bug-bear—no way connected with Popery.—For my own part, Sir, since it is so much the *ton* for both sides of each house of parliament, to *vie* WHICH shall favour Popery most—and we are turning so very ‘*enlightened*,’ and ‘*liberal*,’—I shall not be surprized if I live to see friars—white, black and grey—and monks, and capuchins, of all orders and colours of the rainbow—walking our streets, quite at their ease, in their proper vestments.”

We cannot help, we say, subscribing to the truth of the above representation of things, and expressing our conviction that, though it may be improper to dwell too much on the remembrance of former days, we ought to look well to the present, for fear of the future.

Letters to a Lady inclined to enter into the Communion of the Church of Rome. By William Law, M. A. Now first printed. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Philips.

Mr. Law’s turn and sentiments in religious matters are very generally known: in the present letters, however, he is much less mystical than in most of his writings. The introductory paragraph of the first letter is worth transcribing, as a rational and just remark, on the liberty of the press in treating religious subjects.

“Madam,

“Your complaint against the church, as chargeable with permitting the licentiousness of the press, is not just; for the church, as such, has no more right to regulate or restrain the press, than to make laws about peace or war, or prohibit gentlemen from wearing swords, or corrupting the world with the free use of their riches and power. The licentiousness of the press is certainly a great evil, and has dreadful effects; but the church has no other support against it, but that which it has against the world, the flesh, and the devil. It may be as suitable to the wisdom and goodness of God, and answer the same ends of his All-wise Providence, to suf-

For these times to fall under the trial of a persecution from the press, as to suffer former ages to be so dreadfully persecuted by merciless tyrants: and it may be as unreasonable to think the church defective in not restraining the licentiousness of the press, which betrays so many Christians into infidelity, and staggers weak minds; as to think the Providence of God was defective in suffering tyrants to exercise such cruelty in former ages upon Christians, as forced numbers of them into apostasy."

To these letters is added an extract from Mr. Law's animadversions on Dr. Trapp's reply, on the subject of being righteous overmuch.

"The error of all errors, and that which makes the blackest charge against the Romish church, is *persecution*—a religious sword, drawn against the liberty and freedom of serving God according to our best light; that is, against 'worshipping the Father in Spirit and in Truth.' This is the great whore, the beast, the dragon, the antichrist.

"When it shall please God to dispose the hearts of all princes in the Christian world, entirely to destroy this antichristian beast, and leave all their subjects in 'that religious freedom which they have from God;' then, the Light of the Gospel, the benefit of its faith, the power of its ministers, the usefulness of its rites, the benediction of its sacraments, will have proper time and place to shew themselves: and that religion, which has the most of a Divine Power in it, whose offices and services do most good to the heart, whose ministers are most devoted to God, and have the most proof of the power and presence of Christ with them, will become, as it ought to be, the most universal: and by this destruction of the beast, nothing but the errors, delusions, corruptions and fictions, of every religion, will be left in a helpless state."

Although we think the publication of these letters not altogether unseasonable, certain recent events seem (very unfortunately for those who accuse the Romish church with spirit of persecution) to prove, that enthusiasts and bigots of all religions are the same. Sincerely as we wish to promote *universal* toleration, however, we are no advocates for the late partial liberty allowed by the legislature to the *Roman Catholics*, while intolerant restraints still subsist against *other dissenters* from the established church; and we cannot help saying, we are sorry, that in the reign of so pious a protestant prince as George the Third, the other princes of the Christian world should shew a greater disposition for the destruction of Antichrist than is manifested by the legislature of England.

FOREIGN CATALOGUE.

Continued from the APPENDIX to Vol. VIII. p. 456.

Memoires de l'Academie Imperiale et Royale des Sciences et Belles Lettres de Bruxelles, &c.---Memoirs of the Imperial and Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres at Brussels. Vol. I. 4to. Brussels.

The first publication of a literary, and scientific society, newly instituted under the auspices of Prince Staremberg. It opens with a preliminary discourse concerning the state of literature in the Netherlands, and the establishment of the present academy; in which discourse the author traces the literary reputation of the Belgic provinces from a very early period in modern history; shewing that, from the days of Charlemagne to the present, they have not been wanting in men of letters and erudition, of equal merit with those of other countries; except, indeed, during a short interval, succeeding the peace of Munster, in which those provinces, which remained under the dominion of Spain, made no figure in comparison with the united provinces of the Dutch. This volume contains eighteen memoirs, the greater part of which relate to subjects of natural history, besides an account of several papers read at the several assemblies of the society.

Theorie des Sensations.---The Theory of Sensations. By the Abbé Roffignol. 8vo. Paris.

A fanciful and ingenious performance, though by no means satisfactory to a real philosopher, who requires every metaphysical hypothesis to be raised on a physical foundation. At the same time, it will afford those theological smatterers, who are equally strangers to the genuine principles of physics and metaphysics, to decry all attempts at improving the theory of either.

Des Canaux de la Navigation, et specialement du Canal de Languedoc, &c.---A Dissertation on Navigable Canals, and particularly of the Canal of Languedoc. By M. De la Lande. Folio. Illustrated with Copper-plates. Paris.

After giving an historical and political view of the execution and consequence of the famous canal of Languedoc, this ingenious academician proceeds to give an account of several other canals that have been made, and of others that have been only projected, in different parts of France. He then takes a general prospect of the works of this kind which have been carried on in different parts of Europe, and even in Africa and America; taking a retrospect to the projects and labours of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, in regard to canals of inland navigation; the commercial advantages of which he displays in the strongest light.

Recherches Historiques et Geographiques sur le Nouveau Monde, &c.---Researches, Historical and Geographical, concerning the new World. By J. B. Scherer, formerly Member of the Imperial College of Justice at Petersburg. Vol. 1. 8vo. embellished with Cuts. Paris.

Mr. Scherer, the editor of Steller's description of Kamfchatha, adopts here that writer's notion, that the continent of Asia and America were formerly united, so that the difficulty of accounting for the peopling of the latter, the principal object of these researches, in a great measure vanishes. The opinion of Mr. Scherer, that the Americans derive their origin, partly from the Africans, the Chinese, and the tribe of Tartars, that hath long since disappeared in Asia, is not improbable. We conceive the greater part of these researches, therefore, to be rather curious than profitable, at least with respect to the point in question.

(*This Catalogue to be continued in our next.*)

The Public Welfare; or, an infallible Method of paying off the National Debt of England: Affording a perpetual Supply for every Exigence of Government, without levying any Tax; and rendering Men as happy as Riches can make them. Humbly addressed to both Houses of Parliament. By M. D---z. 8vo. 1s. Hookham.

Mr. D---z hath here taken a world of trouble, as many able calculators have done before him, to settle quantities and
pro-

proportions upon chimerical principles, that are neither adapted to proportion nor quantity. Before the arithmetical *quomodo* of paying the national debt be investigated, it is proper to enquire not only into the political expediency of paying it, but also into the inclination of government to make such payment. Till these two points are settled, it were superfluous to enquire particularly into the validity of the means here pointed out for effecting the end proposed; to which numerous objections are obvious. ***

Poems by the Rev. W. Tasker, A. B.---An Ode to the Warlike Genius of Great Britain. Dedicated to the Right Honourable Lord Amherst. The Third Edition with Additions.---An Ode to Curiosity, a Bath-Easton Amusement. The Second Edition.---A Poetical Eneomium on Trade, addressed to the Mercantile City of Bristol.---And an Epitaph intended for the Reverend Mr. Eccles, late of Bath. 4to. 2s. 6d. Doddsley.

In speaking of the first edition of Mr. Tasker's Ode to the Warlike Genius of Great-Britain, we gave a specimen of it, from which our readers might form no unfavourable opinion of the writer's talents for poetical composition. The other pieces annexed, in the present edition, afford us no room for quotation, that will either exalt or debase that opinion.

An Elegy on the Death of David Garrick, Esq. By the Author of the Ode on the Warlike Genius of Great-Britain. 4to. 1s. Doddsley.

Our elegiast laments the death of Mr. Garrick, as one,
" Who living, was the muses' friend,
an equivocal kind of expression, by which may be understood either one, who was a friend to the muses, or one to whom the muses were friends: and in the latter sense, we agree with Mr. Tasker, that he might be called the muses' friend. The muses befriended him much, and he made a fine fortune by engrossing their friendship, and preventing their bestowing any of their pecuniary favours on others. Mr. Tasker appears to have been personally unacquainted with the late Mr. Garrick; and, though, as a poet, he may think himself justified in dealing in fiction, and plead the proverb, *nil nisi bonum de mortuis*;

mortuis ; we, as impartial critics, must apply *nil nisi verum*, to both the living and dead. In return, therefore, for the many monodies, elegies, and verses, politely presented us on this occasion, we beg their authors' acceptance instead of of an epitaph, of the following epigram.

In *praise* of the *player*, say all that you can,
Too much can't be said ; but, as for the *man*,
There's little, or nothing, in *praise* to be said ;
The part of a man the buffoon never play'd.

A congratulatory Ode to Admiral Keppel. By the Author of the Ode to the warlike Genius of Great-Britain. 4to. 1s. Doddsley.

Ecce iterum Crispinus ! Well said, Mr. Tasker ! But, for Heaven's sake, who has prescribed you the task of writing odes, like a poet-laureat, on every popular topic of the day ? Or do you task your muse yourself on these occasions ? If the latter be the case, look to it ; for, however brisk and alert your Pegasus may prove at present, he may grow tired, by laying on him too frequent and too heavy burthens.--- Above all things, however, we would advise Mr. Tasker to avoid the appearance of *plagiarism*, especially while he gallops, so fast, lest the neighbourhood of *Parnassus* should give him out for a flying highwayman. We are led to give our young author this advice, out of tenderness to his rising reputation ; as we conceive we trace the strong marks of gross imitation, between the sixth and the beginning of the seventh stanzas of the ode before us, and a similar passage in Virgil. To be sure, classical writers find it difficult to avoid falling into classical imitations ; and Mr. Tasker hath, in the present instance, most artfully contrived to conceal the theft, by varying a little the circumstances of the case. In *Virgil*, the goddess Juno, out of enmity to *Æneas*, is supposed to prevail on Eolus to raise a storm, and Neptune, if we remember right, at the request of Venus, assuages it. In *Tasker*, Neptune and Eolus unite to raise an hurricane, in order to blait, we suppose (for we find no other use for it) the machinations of Sir H. P. against Admiral Keppel.--- The thought and expression, however, is so much alike, that we could not forbear being struck with the resemblance.

“ Who

" Who to the sea gives laws
Indignant Neptune rais'd the storm,*
His social aid to lend

In Keppel's injur'd cause,
For Ocean's monarch was the patriot's friend :
He grasp'd the trident in his ample hand
He smote the subject sea, and shook the solid land,
And watery mountains Ocean's face deform.

" Stern Æolus, incensed, bad arise
The stormy winds and tempests of the skies——"

Virgil says---but, for the sake of the mere English readers, we will quote him from Cotton's admirable translation.

" Neptune, when first he heard the sea ring,
Was pickling pilchards, sprats, and herring ;
But, startled at so rude a fray,
Threw pickling-rub and salt away ;
And, taking up his three-fork'd trout-spear,
Cried, Hey-day ! *Boreas*, what a rout's here ?
Away, you understrapping blaster,
Go tell that farting fool, your master,
That such a whistling scab as he
Was ne'er cut out to rule the sea ;
But that it to my empire sell,
A staunch old friend to brave Keppel."

Neptune, a Poem. Inscribed to the Hon. Augustus Keppel. 4to,
1s. Kearsley.

It is customary, when English writers make use of Latin Mottos, to mention the name of the original authors, from which they are taken. We should have been glad, if this writer, in like manner, had conformed to custom, and informed us in what ancient classic so curious a piece of latinity, as he hath chosen, may be met with. *Ne fido homo, a qui semel decipio*. We do recollect, indeed, something of the kind in Garretson's or Turner's Exercises ; but is it possible that Neptune, a Poem, can be the production of a school-boy, ignorant of every rule of Syntax ?---Such is our author's Latin ; here follows a specimen of his English.

" Neptune rejoices o'er the smiling wave,
To see in triumph his much-loved pride,
Whom he now beckons—his empire to save——
And launch on, once more, the inviting tide.

* Alluding to the hurricane that prevailed throughout England about the commencement of Admiral Keppel's trial.

His belov'd *Kettel* he desires to meet,
To clasp him quickly to his gladsome heart ;
For worthier Admiral ne'er led a fleet,
Or from our sea-girt shores did ever part.

See ! he shakes his trident with horrid threat,
The trembling sea, from him, in terror flies ;
Her bosom heaves with strong tumultuous beat ;
Against the sounding shore we hear her cries.

What means this sudden unexpected change ?
The sea before smil'd so serenely gay ;
Where Nereids sported, in fair order rang'd,
Around their God, in chearful am'rous play.

The frighted waves are hush'd, their cries now cease,
The angry God his briny front erects ;
The listening Nereids are now at peace,
And mute attention *Neptune's* world expects.

His dreadful accents, in tremendous roar,
‘ P——, degenerate of my sons,
‘ Thou hast blasted the name that once they bore,
‘ As *bonest*, *bald of heart*, and free BRITONS !’

Moral Eclogues. 4to. 1s. Payne.

These Eclogues are pastoral, descriptive, and sentimental. Their poetical merit may be judged of by the following specimen, containing the whole of the first eclogue, in praise of a rural life.

Theron ; or, the Praise of Rural Life.

Scene, a Heath ; Season, Spring ; Time, Morning.

“ Fair Spring o'er Nature held her gentlest sway ;
Fair Morn diffus'd around her brightest ray ;
Thin mists hung hovering on the distant trees,
Or roll'd from off the fields before the breeze.
The shepherd, *Theron*, watch'd his fleecy train,
Beneath a broad oak, on the grassy plain.
A heath's green wild lay pleasant to his view,
With shrubs and field-flowers deck'd of varied hue ;
There the tall thorn its silver bloom disclos'd,
Here flexile broom's bright yellow interpos'd :
There purple orchis, here pale daisies spread,
And sweet May-lilies richest odour shed.
From many a copse and blossom'd orchard near,
The voice of birds melodious charm'd the ear ;

There

There shrill the lark and soft the linnet sung,
 And loud thro' air the thrortle's music rung.
 The gentle swain the chearful scene admir'd ;
 The chearful scene the song of joy inspir'd.
 ' Chant on,' he cry'd, ' ye warblers on the spray !
 ' Bleat on, ye flocks, that in the pastures play !
 ' Low on, ye herds, that range the dewy vales !
 ' Murmur, ye rills ! and whisper soft, ye gales !
 ' How blest'd my lot, in these sweet fields assign'd,
 ' Where peace and leisure soothe the tuneful mind ;
 ' Where yet some pleasing vestiges remain
 ' Of unperturbed Nature's golden reign,
 ' When Love and Virtue rang'd Arcadian shades,
 ' With undesigning youths and artless maids !
 ' For us, though destin'd to a later time,
 ' A less luxuriant soil, less genial clime,
 ' For us the country boasts enough to charm,
 ' In the wild woodland or the cultur'd farm,
 ' Come, *Cynthia*, come ! in town no longer stay ;
 ' From crouds and noise and folly, haste away !
 ' The fields, the meads, the trees, are all in bloom,
 ' The vernal show'rs awake a rich perfume.
 ' Where *Danton's* mansion, by the glassy stream,
 ' Rears its white walls that thro' green willows gleam,
 ' Annual the neighbours hold their shearing-day ;
 ' And blithe youths come, and nymphs in neat array :
 ' Those shear their sheep, upon the smooth turf laid,
 ' In the broad plane's or trembling poplar's shade :
 ' These for their friends th' expected feast provide,
 ' Beneath cool bowers along th' inclosure's side.
 ' To view the toil, the glad repast to share,
 ' Thy *Delia*, my *Melania*, shall be there ;
 ' Each, kind and faithful to her faithful swain,
 ' Loves the calm pleasures of the pastoral plain.
 ' Come, *Cynthia*, come ! if towns and crouds invite,
 ' And noise and folly promise high delight ;
 ' Soon the tir'd soul disgusted turns from these——
 ' The rural prospect, only, long can please !'

*An Epistle to John, Count O'Rourke, Colonel of Horse, Knight
 of the Royal Order of St. Lewis, and formerly Lord Cham-
 berlain to Stanislaus, King of Poland, Duke of Lorrain, &c.
 &c. 4to. 1s. Lewis.*

We learn, from this Epistle, that Count O'Rourke has
 not only had the honour of serving modern kings, but is
 himself descended, *avavis regibus*, from the ancient kings of
 Ireland,

Ireland.---We also learn, if we may put confidence in the poet, that England is entirely delivered from any just apprehensions of danger from the wild Irish, or their attachment to a Popish Pretender.---We shall cite this assurance, as a specimen of the epistolizer's poetry.

"Has not religious strife conspir'd to spoil
Of native strength Hibernia's teeming isle?
Which seems, alas! consumptive grown at last,
Exhausted, through a length of ages past.
But lo! a respite mitigates her pain-----
Hail, wish'd for period!—hail, auspicious reign!
'Twas thine, great *George*, with lenient touch, to calm
Her heart-felt throbbings—thine to pour the balm
Into her rankling wounds, those wounds to heal,
And give her earnest of her future weal!

"Nor she unthankfully the boon receives;
The precious boon a royal donor gives.
From western climes officious zephyrs bear
Her grateful accents to her monarch's ear.
O happy privilege! O godlike art!
From limbs to shift their fetters to the heart;
Which not reluctant wears its easy chain;
Nor feels, if any, but a pleasing pain.
Hibernians now no longer shall enshrine
Within their breasts a shoot of *Stewart's* line,
No longer with recall'd th' exotic race;
Now Brunswick triumphs in their envied place.
Away with vain pretenders, mimic things,
That proudly ape the majesty of kings;
By hungry flatt'ers puff'd with fancied pow'r,
The tools of faction, idols of an hour.
Should wild ambition, madding in the brain,
Inspire the visionary hope to gain
Their forfeit royalty, who now would own
A *Stewart's* title to the British throne?
Who share his perils? Who misfortunes brave?
Or lavish life, his dearer life to save?
No Briton sure; nor those we *Papists* name;
All swear allegiance; all, with loud acclaim,
United suffrages to Brunswick give,
Who bids their sorrows cease, their joys revive."

We are heartily glad to hear that Ireland is so loyal and grateful, and that the countrymen of Count O'Rourke so much resemble, in valour and virtue, their noble compatriot.

An Epistle to Admiral Keppel. 4to. 1s. Fielding and Walker.

There is some imagination and some poetry in this performance.

The

The Patriot Divine to the Female Historian, an Elegiac Epistle. To which is added the Lady's Reply; or, a modest Plea for the Right of Widows. 4to. 2s. Fielding and Walker.

An attempt at being poetically witty on Dr. Wilson and the celebrated Mrs. Macaulay. They who think this gentleman and lady proper objects of ridicule, will, of course, find some entertainment in these epistles; the first of which is a tame imitation of Ovid's epistle from Oenone to Paris, the original of which is subjoined. The lady's reply, which is termed didactic, is indeed somewhat preceptive, though too ludicrous and prurient to be consistent with the gravity and prudery of the quondam Mrs. Macaulay.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the London Reviewers.

" Gentlemen,

" As an impartial distribution of literary praise and censure is the professed object of your enquiry, it will not be disagreeable to you, to be troubled with strictures on an impropriety of expression in any work constituting a part of your literary journal; and which, in your sometimes unavoidable hurry of composition, may have escaped your notice.

" I shall, therefore, without further apology, offer an observation or two on your account of Mr. Story's Grammar, in page 70 of your Review for last month.

" Mr. Story, who, you say, *appears* himself a good grammarian, speaks of his work in the following terms: 'From the multitude of English grammars now extant, one would almost be induced to think that nothing new can be offered upon the subject, and that English grammar has done what art or science never has done, nor ever will do—arrived at perfection. It is hoped, however, that the following work will convince the reader to the contrary.'

Does Mr. S. from the latter part of this sentence, mean to infer, that the perfection of his Grammar will, on a fair comparison, shew the imperfection of all other treatises on the same subject? Or, that the imperfection of his performance will convince the reader, that his work is far from having arrived to that degree of excellence, the subject, on which it is professedly written, is capable of attaining? From this ambiguity of expression it *appears*, Mr. S. considers *grammatical perspicuity* as nowise essential to critical knowledge; and, if we may judge from the concluding sentence of your extract, he *appears* to be as utterly regardless of preserving a *uniformity of sentiment*.—He says, 'nothing is omitted, which is essential towards promoting a critical knowledge of the English language.' Now, if every

every thing essential to a knowledge of the English language be included in his *compilation*, does it not evidently follow, that English grammar has at length arrived at the very *apex of perfection*? And yet this inference, necessarily deduced from his own premises, is a flat contradiction of what he had before asserted, where he maintains that English grammar *never* has, nor *ever* will, arrive at *perfection*.

“ From an author treating on any mechanical, or even historical subject, something may be accepted as an apology for ambiguity of expression, incongruity of sentiment, or inelegance of diction; but when a writer, who presumes to give rules for a critical acquisition of the English language, commits, while giving an account of his own work, blunders, of which a school-boy ought to be ashamed, he certainly deserves censure for his presumption.

That Mr. S. experienced your lenity, must surely be attributed to the severe indisposition of your editor.

I am, Gentlemen, your humble servant,
Northumberland, Feb. 20th, 1779.

Y. X.

To the Editor of the London Review.

SIR,

Finding that your Review has not yet taken notice of a small pamphlet lately published, the title of which is, *A Dialogue on religious Bigotry between Candour and Orthodoxy*, which the last Monthly and Critical Reviewers have inserted in their list of publications. The latter appears to approve of it, though it has hid the spirit of the controversy from the public; the former seems to disapprove of it, because they think it has no tendency to promote piety and charity; it blames also the writer, for not giving Candour fair play, and censures Orthodoxy, for not pleading in the behalf of the Scripture, as the sole rule of faith, and for insisting on the Calvinistic interpretation of it, which is like any other, a *human* interpretation. Yet the writer in the Monthly Review rather approves of what a third person concludes the debate with, ‘ that freedom of enquiry does and ought to suppose, that a man must be left to judge of the *necessity* and *importance* of those truths he might have discovered.’

Now, Sir, this was the point to be debated, and if any man may judge of the *necessity* and *importance* of those truths which he might have discovered without being deemed a bigot, whilst he leaves other men freely to do the same, then Orthodoxy has undoubtedly the best of the argument. For why may not a Calvinist, as well as an Arminian, or Socinian, insist upon the importance of his own sentiments, that he conscientiously thinks are suggested to him by the most obvious and unforced meaning of the sacred volume?

Perhaps every man of humanity would cordially wish, from a spirit of benevolence, to adopt the system of Candour, as it enlarges the circle of those who are genuine Christians, and finally to be saved;

saved; and as the Monthly Reviewers have ever distinguished themselves as the friends of that charity which holds *most* if not *all* doctrines as non-essentials, I did expect, as a man naturally disposed to favour Candour's creed, that they would have supported it, by pointing out to me some cogent reasons, and not have contented themselves with censures and misrepresentations, without even hinting at the fallacy of one of Orthodoxy's arguments. Is not this bigotry? Orthodoxy, and his friends, I dare say, give it this name, and take occasion from hence to triumph.

A Calvinistic friend of mine, asks me, Can we conceive of any piety and charity that is truly Christian, which does not proceed from Christian principles? And can there be Christian principles without the faith of a Christian?—I produce a quotation from Dr. Price's and Dr. Priestley's correspondence lately published, where the former worthy gentleman says, p. 144, 'That his opinion is, that the Socinian scheme degrades Christianity, and is by no means reconcilable to the Scriptures:' and yet he directly adds, 'But I know some of the *best* of men and *wisest* of Christians have adopted it.' This my friend smiled at, pouring in upon me such questions as these, which I do not know how to answer—'Can that system of principles, which degrades Christianity, and is by no means reconcilable to the Scriptures, be the religion of Jesus? May persons holding these principles be some of the best of men and *wisest* of Christians? What is Christianity then, that which degrades itself, and which is totally irreconcilable with itself? Pray tell me, says he, what the good Doctor Price means by it?' I must confess, I do not know how to answer these queries. I wish you would assist me.

Moreover, it is pretty evident, that Mr. Orthodoxy, in the Dialogue, is very confident, and speaks with an assurance, that seems to indicate either a full conviction of the truth of what he advances, or else a full sense of his own importance. But I really want to convict him of partiality and error, for I do not like his contracted ideas of the scriptures. He insists upon them as the only rule of faith and practice, and does not, throughout his book, lay a stress upon any systematic terms or scholastic phrases. The Monthly Reviewers could not, therefore, says my friend, have brought a more unjust charge against him, than to intimate of him, that he recommended a human system, and not the scriptures, as the only rule of faith and practice. And, he adds, 'Let me be evermore delivered from falling into the hands of such men of candour, who through prejudice, or malevolence, or ignorance, ascribe to a performance that which cannot be justly charged upon it.'

I say to him, 'Why he is a Calvinist, and therefore he endeavours to recommend that system.' But he immediately replies, 'he does not recommend his creed by the authority of Calvin, but as what he sees for himself to be the sense of the scriptures.' And he subjoins, 'a man that says, he makes the scripture his only rule of faith and practice, must understand their meaning in some sense or other, or derive certain ideas from them, that are to be the object of his

his faith and rule of his life, or else he makes them no standard at all.

To conclude, Sir, I must acknowledge myself perplexed. For it appears to me, on the one hand, that if the Revelation of God contains any ideas necessary to the comfort and holiness of mankind, to reject them, must be dangerous. On the other hand, to make them, or any of them, essential to the character of a Christian, must unavoidably lead us to be uncharitable to the greatest part of Christendom.

Jan. 19, 1779.

I remain yours, &c.

P. S. What a strange passage is that quoted in the Dialogue from Priestley's Letter to Venn? How unguarded is he? I own, he seems to me, to carry his ideas of candour to a dangerous extremity. Is there not some medium between his creed, and that of Mr. Orthodoxy?

* * The pamphlet above referred to, not having come properly to hand, the Reviewers' opinion of it, hath been, of course, postponed: the Reviewers presuming that an author's desire of having our criticisms on his work delayed, is best indicated by himself.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Our correspondent, W. S. (who desires us to be more expeditious in our account of capital and interesting books; reproaching us with the delay of Marshall's Minutes of Agriculture, &c. with which the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews* figured last month) is requested to turn back to the *London Reviews* of ten or twelve months back, and he will find Mr. Marshall's book to be particularly noticed.—The long and curious article, from the *Britannia Biographica*, inserted in the last *Critical Review*, and recommended to our notice, as being ascribed by those anonymous critics to Judge Blackstone, our correspondent will find quoted by us, in the 7th volume of the *London Review*, about a year ago.

* * The gentleman, who hath sent a severe criticism on Mr. O'Brien Mac Mahon's infamous misrepresentation of the English nation, and wishes that an eye may be had by the magistracy on the personal conduct of that outrageous Jesuit, as he styles him, is mistaken with regard to the person of that writer; he being a very different character from that of Mr. Parkyns Mac Mahon, the ingenious linguist, for whom the gentleman mistakes him. His critique is also out of date, even if the work were, as it is not, worth farther notice.

* * Dr. Kenrick's letter to Dr. Priestley, on the essential difference between the principles of philosophy and those of religion, extending to a greater length than is consistent with its entire insertion in this work, it will be printed in a separate pamphlet; of which a copious abstract will be given, when published, in our Review,